

Accessions

157.624

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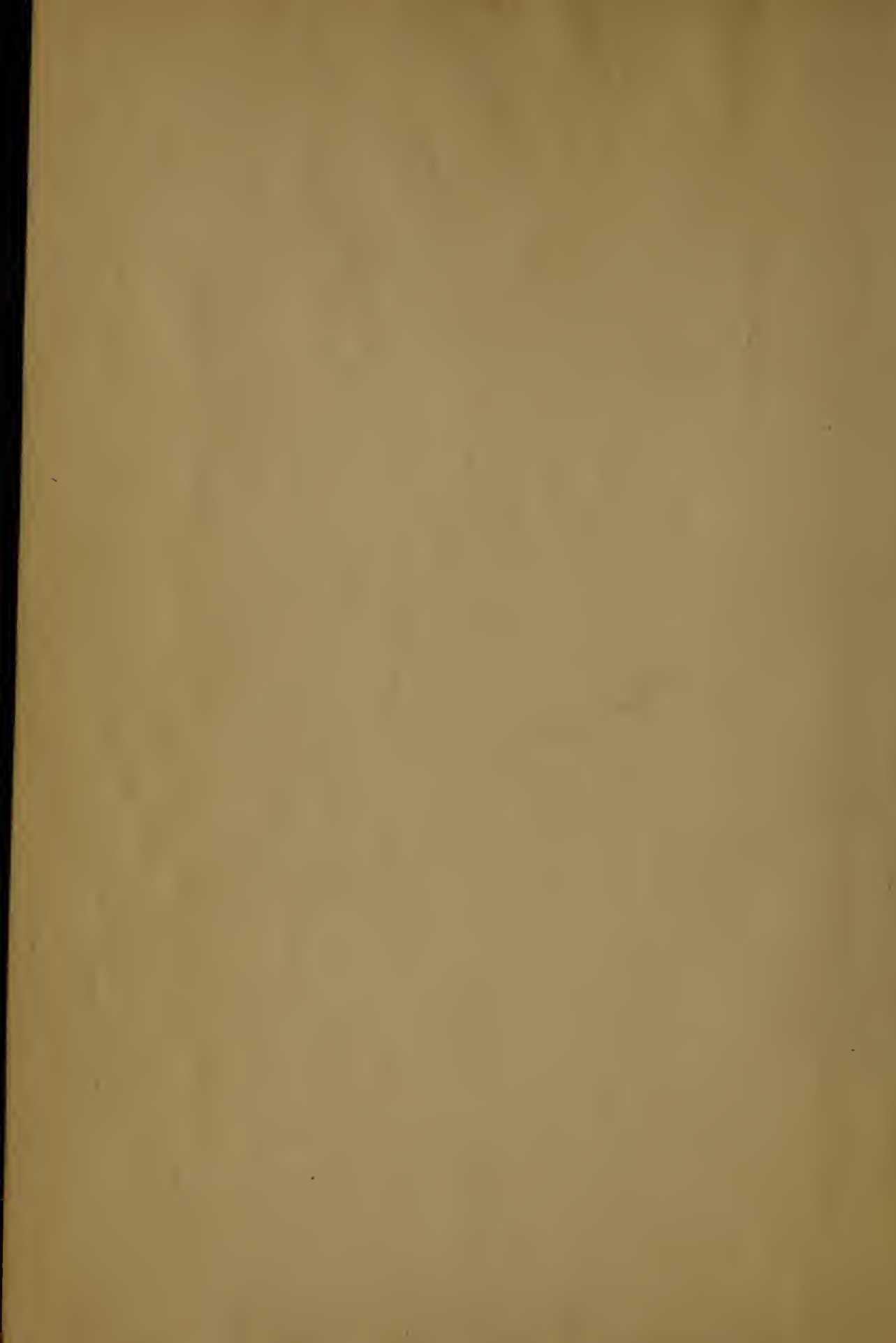
*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

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TIS PITY SHEES A WHOE. LOND. 1633.





·TIS  
Pitty Shee's a Whore

---

Acted by the *Queenes* Maiesties Ser-  
uants, at *The Phœnix* in  
*Drury-Lane.*

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L O N D O N.

Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for *Richard*  
*Collins*, and are to be sold at his shop  
in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the signe  
of the *three Kings*. 1633.

The Secane

PARMA.

157,624

May 1873

The Actors Names.

*Bonaventura,*  
*A* *Cardinall,*  
*Soranzo,*  
*Florio,*  
*Donado,*  
*Grimaldi,*  
*Giouanni,*  
*Bergetto,*  
*Richardetto,*  
*Vasques,*  
*Poggio,*  
*Bandetti,*

A Fryar.  
Nuntio to the Pope.  
A Nobleman.  
A Cittizen of *Parma*.  
Another Cittizen.  
A Roman Gentleman.  
Sonne to *Florio*.  
Nephew to *Donado*.  
A suppos'd Phisitian.  
Seruant to *Soranzo*.  
Seruant to *Bergetto*.

Woemen.

*Annabella,*  
*Hippolita,*  
*Philotis,*  
*Putana,*

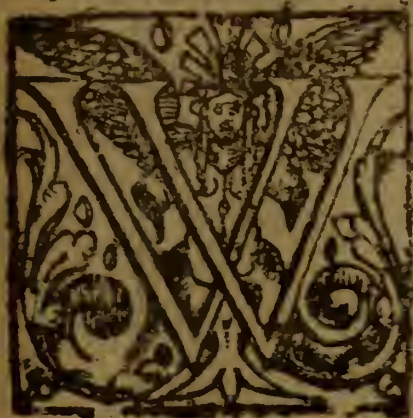
Daughter to *Florio*.  
Wife to *Richardetto*  
His Neece.  
Tutresse to *Annabella*.





To the truely Noble, *John*,  
Earle of *Peterborough*, Lord Mordant,  
Baron of *Turkey*.

My LORD,



Here a Truth of *Merit* hath  
a generall warrant, There  
*Loue* is but a Debt, *Acknow-*  
*ledgement* a Justice. Greatnesse  
cannot often claime *Virtue* by  
Inheritance; Yet in this,  
Yours appears most Emi-  
nent, for that you are not more rightly Heyre to  
your *Fortunes*, then Glory shalbe to your *Memory*.  
Sweetenesse of disposition ennobles a freedome  
of Birth; in BOTH, your lawfull Interest adds  
Honour to your owne Name, and mercy to my  
presumption. Your Noble allowance of *These*  
*First Fruites* of my leasure in the Action, embol-  
dens my confidence, of your as noble constructi-  
on in this Presentment: especially since my Ser-  
vice must euer owe particular duty to your Fa-

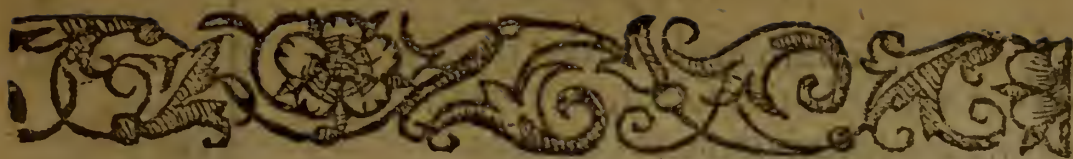
## The Epistle

uours, by a particular Ingagement. The Gravity  
of the *Subject* may easily excuse the lightnesse of  
the *Title*: otherwise, I had beene a seuerer Iudge a-  
gainst mine owne guilt. Princes haue vouchsaf't  
Grace to trifles, offred from a purity of Deuotion,  
your Lordship may likewise please, to admit into  
your good opinion, with these weake endeuours,  
the constancy of Affection from the sincere *Louer*  
of your Deserts in Honour

JOHN FORBES

---





# Tis Pitty Shee's a VVHORE.

*With Teruio.*  
*Enter Fryar and Giouanni.*

*Fryar.*



Dispute no more in this, for know (young man)  
These are no Schoole-points; nice Philosophy  
May tolerate vnlikely arguments,  
But Heauen admits no jest; wits that presum'd  
On wit too much, by struiuing how to proue  
There was no God; with foolish grounds of  
Discouer'd first the neereſt way to Hell; (Art,

And filld the world with deueliſh Atheiſme:  
Such questions youth are fond; For better 'tis,  
To blesse the Sunne, then reason why it shines;  
Yet hee thou talk'st of, is aboue the Sun,  
No more; I may not heare it.

*Gio. Gentle Father,*

To you I haue vnclasp't my burthened soule,  
Empty'd the store-house of my thoughts and heart,  
Made my selfe poore of secrets; haue not left  
Another word vntold, which hath not spoke  
All what I euer durst, or thinke, or know;  
And yet is here the comfort I shall haue,  
Must I not doe, what all men else may, loue?

*Fry. Yes. you may loue faire ſonne.*

*Gio. Must I not praise*

That beauty, which if fram'd a new, the gods  
Would make a god of, if they had it there;  
And kneele to it, as I doe kneele to them?

*'Tis pittie shes a Whore.*

*Fry.* Why foolish mad-man?

*Gio.* Shall a peeuish sound,  
A custumary forme, from man to man,  
Of brother and of sister, be a barre  
Twixt my perpetuall happinesse and mee?  
Say that we had one father, say one wombe,  
(Curse to my ioyes) gaue both vs life, and birth;  
Are wee not therefore each to other bound  
So much the more by Nature; by the the links  
Of blood, of reason; Nay if you will haue it,  
Euen of Religion, to be euer one,  
One soule, one flesh, one loue, one heart, one *All*?

*Fry.* Haue done unhappy youth, for thou art lost.

*Gio.* Shall then, (for that I am her brother borne)  
My ioyes be euer banisht from her bed?  
No Father; in your eyes I see the change  
Of pittie and compassion: from your age  
As from a sacred *Oracle* distills  
The life of Counsell: tell mee holy man,  
What Cure shall giue me ease in these extreames.

*Fry.* Repentance (sonne) and sorrow for this sinne:  
For thou hast mou'd a Maiesty aboue  
With thy vn-raunged (almost) Blasphemy.

*Gio.* O doe not speake of that (deare Confessor)

*Fry.* Art thou (my sonne) that miracle of Wit,  
Who once within these three Moneths wert esteem'd  
A wonder of thine age, throughout *Bononia*?  
How did the Vniuersity applaud  
Thy Government, Behaviour, Learning, Speech,  
Sweetnesse, and all that could make vp a man?  
I was proud of my Tutelage, and chose  
Rather to leaue my Bookes, then part with thee,  
I did so: but the fruites of all my hopes  
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thy selfe.  
O *Gionanni*: hast thou left the Schooles  
Of Knowledge, to conuerse with Lust and Death?  
(For Death waites on thy Lust) looke through the world,



*'Tis pittyshee's a Whoore.*

And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine  
More glorious, then this Idoll thou ador'st :  
Leaue her, and take thy choyce, 'tis much lesse sinne,  
Though in such games as those, they lose that winne.

*Gio.* It were more ease to stop the *Ocean*  
From floates and ebbs, then to dissuade my vowes.

*Fry.* Then I haue done, and in thy wilfull flames  
Already see thy ruine ; Heauen is iust,  
Yet heare my counsell.

*Gio.* As a voyce of life.

*Fry.* Hye to thy Fathers house, there locke thee fast  
Alone within thy Chamber, then fall downe  
On both thy knees, and grouell on the ground :  
Cry to thy heart, wash euery word thou vtter'st  
In teares, (and if't bee possible) of blood :  
Begge Heauen to cleanse the leprosie of Lust  
That rots thy Soule, acknowledge what thou art,  
A wretch, a worme, a nothing : weepe, sigh, pray  
Three times a day, and three times euery night:  
For seuen dayes space doe this, then if thou find'st  
No change in thy desires, returne to me :  
Ple thinke on remedy, pray for thy selfe  
At home, whil'st I pray for thee here—away,  
My blessing with thee, wee haue neede to pray.

*Gio.* All this I'll doe, to free mee from the rod  
Of vengeance, else I'll sweare, my Fate's my God.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Grimaldi and Vasques ready to fight.*

*Vas.* Come sir, stand to your tackling, if you proue *Crauen*,  
I'll make you run quickly.

*Gri.* Thou art no equall match for mee.

*Vas.* Indeed I neuer went to the warres to bring home newes,  
nor cannot play the Mountibanke for a meales meate, and sweare  
I got my wounds in the field : see you these gray haires, they'll  
not flinch for a bloody nose, wilt thou to this geere ?

*Gri.* Why slaue, think'st thou I'll ballance my reputation  
with

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore..*

With a Cast-suite ; Call thy Maister, he shall know that I dare —  
*Vas.* Scold like a Cot-queane (that's your Profession) thou poore  
shaddow of a Souldier, I will make thee know, my Maister keepes  
Seruants, thy betters in quality and performance ; Com'st thou to  
fight or prate ?

*Gri.* Neither with thee,  
I am a Romane. and a Gentleman, one that haue got  
Mine honour with expence of blood.

*Vas.* You are a lying Coward, and a foole, fight, or by these Hiltes  
I'll kill thee. — braue my Lord, — you'le fight.

*Gri.* Prouoake me not, for if thou dost —

*They fight, Gri-  
mal. hath the*

*Vas.* Haue at you.

*Enter Florio, Donado, Soranzo. worst.*

*Flo.* What meanged these sudden broyles so neare my dores ?  
Haue you not other places, but my house  
To vent the spleene of your disordered bloods ?  
Must I be haunted still with such vnrest,  
As not to eate, or sleepe in peace at home ?  
Is this your loue *Grimaldi* ? Fie, t'is naught.

*Do.* And *Vasques.* I may tell thee 'tis not well  
To broach these quarrels, you are euer forward  
In seconding contentions.

*Enter aboue Annabella and Putana.*

*Flo.* What's the ground ?

*Sor.* That with your patience Signiors, I'll resolute:  
This Gentleman, whom fame reports a souldier,  
( For else I know not ) riuals mee in loue  
To Signior *Florio's* Daughter ; to whose eares  
He still prefers his suite to my disgrace,  
Thinking the way to recommend himselfe,  
Is to disparage me in his report :  
But know *Grimaldi*, though (may be) thou art  
My equall in thy blood, yet this bewrayes  
A lownesse in thy minde ; which wer't thou Noble  
Thou would'st as much disdaine, as I doe thee  
For this vnworthinesse ; and on this ground  
I will'd my Seruant to correct this tongue,

Holding



*T'is pittie shee's a Whore,*

Holding a man, so base, no match for me.

*Vas.* And had your suddaine comming prevented vs, I had let my Gentleman blood vnder the gilles; I should haue worin'd you Sir, for running madde.

*Gri.* Ile be reueng'd *Soranzo.*

*Vas.* On a dish of warme-broth to stay your stomach, doe honest Innocence, doe; spone-meat is a wholesomer dyet then a spannish blade.

*Gri.* remember this.

*Sor.* I feare thee not *Grimaldi.*

*Ex. Gri:*

*Flo.* My Lord *Soranzo*, this is strange to me,  
Why you should storme, hauing my word engag'd:  
Owing her heart, what neede you doubt her care?  
Loosers may talke by law of any game.

*Vas.* Yet the villaine of words, signior *Florio* may be such,  
As would make any vnpleas'd Doue, Chollerick,  
Blame not my Lord in this.

*Flo.* Be you more silent,  
I would not for my wealth, my daughters loue  
Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.

*Vasques* put vp, let's end this fray in wine.

*Exeunt.*

*Putana* How like you this child? here's threatening challeng-  
ing, quarrelling, and fighting, on euery side, and all is for your  
sake; you had neede looke to your selfe (*Charge*) you'll be  
stolne away sleeping else shortly.

*Annabella:* But (*Tutresse*) such a life, giues no content  
To me, my thoughts are fixt on other ends;  
Would you would leaue me.

*Put.* Leane you? no maruaile else; leane me, no leauing (*Charge*).  
This is loue outright, Indeepe I blame you not, you haue  
Choyce fit for the best Lady in *Italy*.

*Anna.* Pray doe not talke so much.

*Put.* Take the worst with the best, there's *Grimaldi* the  
souldier a very well-timbred fellow: they say he is a Roman,  
Nephew to the Duke *Mount Ferratto*, they say he did good ser-  
vice in the warrs against the *Millanoys*, but faith (*Charge*) I doe  
not like him, and be for nothing, but for being a souldier; one a-

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

mongst twenty of your skirmishing Captaines, but haue some pryue mayme or other, that marres their standing vpright, I like him the worse, hee crinckles so much in the hams; though hee might serue, if their were no more men, yet hee's not the man I would choose.

*Ann.* Fye how thou prat'st.

*Put.* As I am a very woman, I like *Signiour Soranzo*, well; hee is wise, and what is more, rich; and what is more then that, kind, and what is more then all this, a Noble-man; such a one were I the faire *Annabella*, my selfe, I would wish and pray for: then hee is bountifull; besides hee is handsome, and, by my troth, I thinke wholsome: (and that's newes in a gallant of three and twenty.) liberall that I know: louing, that you know; and a man sure, else hee could neuer ha' purchast such a good name, with *Hippolita* the lustie Widdow in her husbands life time: And it were but for that report (sweet heart) would'a were thine: Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plaine-sufficient, *naked man*: such a one is for your bed, and such a one is *Signior Soranzo* my life for't.

*Anna.* Sure the woman tooke her mornings Draught to soone.

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio.*

*Put.* But looke (sweet heart,) looke what thinge comes now: Here's another of your cyphers to fill vp the number: Oh braue old Ape in a silken Coate, obserue.

*Ber.* Did'st thou thinke *Poggio*, that I would spoyle my New cloathes, and leaue my dinner to fight.

*Pog.* No Sir, I did not take you for to arrant a babie.

*Ber.* I am wyser then so: for I hope *Poggio*, thou Neuer heard'st of an elder brother, that was a Coxcomb, Did'st *Poggio*?

*Pog.* Neuer indeede Sir, as long as they had either land or mony left them to inhe rit.

*Ber.* Is it possible *Poggio*? oh monstrous! why Ile vnder-take, with a handfull of siluer, to buy a headfull of wit at any tyme, but sirrah, I haue another purchase in hand, I shall haue the wench my ne vnckle sayes, I will but wash my face, and shift socks, and then haue at her yfaith-----

Marke



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

Marke my pace *Poggio*.

*Pog.* Sir I haue seene an Asse, and a Mule trot the Spannish  
pauin with a better grace, I know nothow often.

*Exeunt*

*Anna.* This Ideot haunts me too.

*Put.* I, I, he needes no discription, the rich *Magnifico*, that is  
below with your Father (*Charge*) *Signior Donado* his Vnckle;  
for that he meanes to make this his Cozen a golden calfe, thinks  
that you wil be a right *Isralite*, and fall downe to him presently:  
but I hope I haue tuted you better: they say a fooles bable is a  
Ladies playfellow: yet you hauing wealth enough, you neede not  
cast vpon the dearth of flesh at any rate: hang him Innocent.

*Enter Giouanni.*

*Anna.* But see *Putana*, see: what blessed shape  
Of some caelestiall Creature now appeares?  
What man is hee, that with such sad aspect  
Walkes carelesse of him selfe?

*Put.* Where?

*Anna.* Looke below.

*Put.* Oh, 'tis your brother sweet----

*Anna.* Ha!

*Put.* 'Tis your brother.

*Anna.* Sure 'tis not hee, this is some woefull thinge  
Wrapt vp in griefe, some shaddow of a man.  
Alas hee beats his brest, and wipes his eyes  
Drown'd all in teares: me thinkes I heare him sigh.  
Lets downe *Putana*, and pertake the cause,  
I know my Brother in the Loue he beares me,  
Will not denye me partage in his sadnesse,  
My soule is full of heauinesse and feare.

*Exit.*

*Gio.* Lost, I am lost: my fates haue doom'd my death:  
The more I strue, I loue, the more I loue,  
The lesse I hope: I see my ruine, certaine.  
What Iudgement, or endeuors could apply  
To my incurable and restlesse wounds,  
I thoroughly haue examin'd, but in vaine:  
O that it were not in Religion sinne,

*T'is pitty shee's a Whoore.*

To make our loue a God, and worship it.  
I haue euen wearied heauen with prayers, dryed vp  
The spring of my continuall teares, euen steru'd  
My veines with dayly fasts: what wit or Art  
Could Counsaile, I haue practiz'd; but alas  
I find all these but dreames, and old mens tales  
To fright vnsteedy youth; I'me still the same,  
Or I must speake, or burst; tis not I know,  
My lust; but tis my fate that leads me on.  
Keepe feare and low faint hearted shame with slaues,  
Ile tell her, that I loue her, though my heart  
Were rated at the price of that attempt.  
Oh me! she comes,

*Enter Anna. and Putana.*

*Anna.* Brother.

*Gio.* If such a thing  
As Courage dwell in men, (yee heauenly powers)  
Now double all that vertue in my tongue.

*Anna.* Why Brother, will you not speake to me?

*Gio.* Yes; how d'ee Sister?

*Anna.* How soeuer I am, me thinks you are not well.

*Put.* Blesse vs why are you so sad Sir.

*Gio.* Let me intreat you leaue vs awhile, *Putana*,  
Sister, I would be pryuate with you.

*Anna.* With-drawe *Putana*.

*Put.* I will;

If this were any other Company for her, I should thinke my ab-  
sence an office of some credit; but I will leaue them together.

*Exit Putana.*

*Gio.* Come Sister lend your hand, let's walke together.  
I hope you neede not blush to walke with mee,  
Here's none but you and I.

*Anna.* How's this?

*Gio.* Faith. I meane no harme.

*Anna.* Harme?

*Gio.* No good faith; how ist with'ee?

*Anna.* I trust hee be not franticke---



I am very well brother.

*Gio.* Trust me but I am sicke, I feare so sick,  
'Twill cost my life.

*Anna.* Mercy forbid it: 'tis not so I hope.

*Gio.* I thinke you loue me Sister.

*Anna.* Yes you know, I doe.

*Gio.* I know't indeed ----y'are very faire.

*Anna.* Nay then I see you haue a merry sicknesse.

*Gio.* That's as it proues: they Poets faigne (I read)  
That *Iuno* for her forehead did exceede  
All other goddeses: but I durst sweare,  
Your forehead exceeds hers, as hers did t heirs.

*Anna.* Troth this is pretty.

*Gio.* Such a paire of starres  
As are thine eyes, would (like *Promethean* fire.)  
(If gently glaun't) giue life to senselesse stones.

*Anna.* Fie vpon'ee.

*Gio.* The Lilly and the Rose most sweetly strainge,  
Vpon your dimpled Cheekes doe striue for change.  
Such lippes would tempt a Saint; such hands as those  
Would make an *Anchorit* Lasciuious.

*Anna.* D'ee mock mee', or flatter mee,

*Gio.* If you would see a beauty more exact  
Then Art can counterfit, or nature frame,  
Looke in your glasse, and there behold your owne.

*Anna.* O you are a trime youth.

*Gio.* Here. *Offers his Dagger to her.*

*Anna.* What to doe.

*Gio.* And here's my breast, strick home.

Rip vp my bosome, there thou shalt behold

A heart, in which is writ the truth I speake.

Why stand'ee?

*Anna.* Are you earnest?

*Gio.* Yes most earnest.

You cannot loue?

*Anna.* Whom?

*Gio.* Me, my tortur'd soule  
Hath felt affliction in the heate of Death.  
O *Annabella* I am quite vndone,

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

The loue of thee (my sister) and the view  
Of thy immortall beauty hath vtun'd  
All harmony both of my rest and life,  
Why d'ee not strike?

*Anna.* Forbid it my iust feares,  
If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

*Gio.* True *Annabella*; 'tis no time to rest,  
I haue too long suppress't the hidden flames  
That almost haue consum'd me; I haue spent  
Many a silent night in sighes and groanes,  
Ran ouer all my thoughts, despis'd my Fate,  
Reason'd against the reasons of my loue,  
Done all that smooth'd-cheeke Vertue could aduise,  
But found all bootelesse; 'tis my destiny,  
That you must eyther loue, or I must dye.

*Anna.* Comes this in sadnesse from you?

*Gio.* Let some mischiese  
Besall me soone, if I dissemble ought.

*Anna.* You are my brother *Giovanni*.

*Gio.* You,  
My Sister *Annabella*; I know this:  
And could afford you instance why to loue  
So much the more for this; to which intent  
Wise Nature first in your Creation ment  
To make you mine: else 't had beene sinne and foule.  
To share one beauty to a double soule.  
Neerenesse in birth or blood, doth but perswade  
A neerer neerenesse in affection.  
I haue askt Counsell of the holy Church,  
Who tells mee I may loue you, and 'tis iust,  
That since I may, I should; and will, yes will:  
Must I now liue, or dye?

*Anna.* Liue, thou hast wonne  
The field, and neuer fought; what thou hast vrg'd,  
My captiue heart had long agoe resolu'd.  
I blush to tell thee, (but I'll tell thee now)  
For euery sigh that thou hast spent for me,



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

I haue sigh'd ten; for euery teare shed twenty:  
And not so much for that I lou'd, as that  
I durst not say I lou'd; uor scarcely thinke it.

*Gio.* Let not this Musicke be a dreame (yee gods)  
For pittie's-sake I begge 'ee.

*Anna.* On my knees, *Shee kneeles.*  
Brother, euen by our Mothers dust, I charge you,  
Doe not betray mee to your mirth or hate,  
Loue mee, or kill me Brother.

*Gio.* On my knees, *He kneeles.*  
Sister, euen by my Mothers dust I charge you,  
Doe not betray mee to your mirth or hate,  
Loue mee, or kill mee Sister.

*Anna.* You meane good sooth then?

*Gio.* In good troth I doe,  
And so doe you I hope: say, I'm in earnest:

*Anna.* I'le swear't and I.

*Gio.* And I, and by this kisse, *Kisses her.*  
(Once more, yet once more, now let's rise, by this)  
I would not change this minute for *Elyzium*,  
What must we now doe?

*Anna.* What you will. *Gio.* Come then,  
After so many teares as wee haue wept,  
Let's learne to court in smiles. to kisse and sleepe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Florio and Donado.*

*Flo.* Signior Donado, you haue sayd enough,  
I vnderstand you, but would haue you know,  
I will not force my Daughter 'gainst her will.  
You see I haue but two, a Sonne and Her;  
And hee is so deuoted to his Booke,  
As I must tell you true, I doubt his health:  
Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely  
Vpon my Girle; as for worldly Fortune,  
I am I thanke my Starres, blest with enough:  
My Care is how to match her to her liking,  
I would not haue her marry Wealth, but Loue,  
And if she like your Nephew, let him haue her,

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whore.*

Here's all that I can say.

*Do.* Sir you say well,  
Like a true father, and for my part, I  
If the young folkes can like, (twixt you and me)  
Will promise to assure my Nephew presently,  
Three thousand *Florrens* yeerely during life,  
And after I am dead, my whole estate.

*Flo.* 'Tis a faire proffer sir, meane time your Nephew  
Shall haue free passage to commence his suite;  
If hee can thrine, hee shall haue my consent,  
So for this time I'll leaue you *Signior*. *Exit.*

*Do.* Well,  
Here's hope yet, if my Nephew would haue wit,  
But hee is such another Dunce, I feare  
Hee'll neuer winne the Wench; when I was young  
I could haue done't yfaith, and so shall hee  
If hee will learne of mee; and in good time  
Hee comes himselve.

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio.*

*Pog.* How now *Bergetto*, whether away so fast?

*Ber.* Oh Vnkle, I haue heard the strangest newes that euer  
came out of the Myne, haue I not *Poggio*?

*Pog.* Yes indeede Sir. *Do.* What newes *Bergetto*?

*Ber.* Why looke yee Vnkle? my Barber told me iust now  
that there is a fellow come to Towne, who vndertakes to make  
a Mill goe without the mortall helpe of any water or winde,  
onely with Sand-bags: and this fellow hath a strange Horse, a  
most excellent beast, I'll assure you Vnkle, (my Barber sayes)  
whose head to the wonder of all Christian people, stands iust be-  
hind where his tayle is, is't not true *Poggio*?

*Pog.* So the Barber swore forsooth.

*Do.* And you are running hither? *Ber.* I forsooth Vnkle.

*Do.* Wilt thou be a Foole stil? come sir, you shall not goe,  
you haue more mind of a Puppet-play, then on the businesse I  
told y'ee: why thou great Baby, wu't neuer haue wit; wu't  
make thy selfe a May-game to all the world?

*Pog.* Answer for your selfe Maister.

*Ber.*



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whore.*

*Ber.* Why Vnkle, shu'd I sit at home still, and not goe abroad to see fashions like other gallants?

*Do.* To see hobby-horses: what wise talke I pray had you with *Annabella*, when you were at *Signior Florio's* house?

*Ber.* Oh the wench: vds sa'me, Vnkle, I tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her almost burst her belly with laughing.

*Do.* Nay I thinke so, and what speech was't?

*Ber.* What did I say *Poggio*?

*Pog.* Forsooth my Maister said; that hee loued her almost as well as hee loued *Parma*, and swore (I lebe sworne for him) that shee wanted but such a Nose as his was, to be as pretty a young woeman, as any was in *Parma*.

*Do.* Oh grosse!

*Ber.* Nay Vnkle, then shee ask't mee, whether my Father had any more children then my selfe: and I sayd no, 'twere better hee should haue had his braynes knockt out first.

*Do.* This is intolerable.

*Ber.* Then sayd shee, will *Signior Donado* your Vnkle leaue you all his wealth?

*Do.* Ha! that was good, did she harpe vpon that string?

*Ber.* Did she harpe vpon that string, I that she did: I answered, leaue me all his wealth? why woeman, hee hath no other wit, if hee had, he should heare on't to his euertlasting glory and confusion: I know (quoth I) I am his white boy, and will not be guld; and with that she fell into a great smile, and went away. Nay I did fit her.

*Do.* Ah sirrah, then I see there is no changing of nature, Well *Bergetto*, I feare thou wilt be a very Assie still.

*Ber.* I should be sorry for that Vnkle.

*Do.* Come, come you home with me, since you are no better a speaker, I'll haue you write to her after some courtly manner, and inclose some rich Jewell in the Letter.

*Ber.* I marry, that will be excellent.

*Do.* Peace Innocent,  
Once in my time I'll set my wits to schoole,  
If all faile, 'tis but the fortune of a foole.

*Ber.* *Poggio*, 'twill doe *Poggio*.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Giouanni and Annabella, as from their Chamber.*

*Gio.* Come *Annabella*, no more Sister now,  
But Loue ; a name more Gracious, doe not blush,  
(Beauties sweete wonder) but be proud, to know  
That yeelding thou hast conquer'd, and inflam'd  
A heart whose tribute is thy brothers life.

*Anna.* And mine is his, oh how these stolne contents  
Would print a modest Crymson on my cheekes,  
Had any but my hearts delight preuail'd.

*Gio.* I maruaile why the chaster of your sex  
Should thinke this pretty toye call'd *Maiden-head*,  
So strange a losse, when being lost, 'tis nothing,  
And you are still the same. *Anna.* 'Tis well for you,  
Now you can talke. *Gio.* Musicke as well consists  
In th'eare, as in the playing. *Anna.* Oh y'are wanton,  
Tell on't, y'are best, doe.

*Gio.* Thou wilt chide me then,  
Kisse me, so ; thus hung *Ioue* on *Leda's* necke,  
And suck't diuine *Ambrosia* from her lips :  
I enuy not the mightiest man aliue,  
But hold my selfe in being King of thee,  
More great, then were I King of all the world :  
But I shall lose you *Sweet-heart*.

*Anna.* But you shall not. *Gio.* You must be married Mistres.

*Anna.* Yes, to whom? *Gio.* Some one must haue you.

*Anna.* You must. *Gio.* Nay some other.

*Anna.* Now prithee do not speake so, without iesting  
You'le make me weepe in earnest.

*Gio.* What you will not.  
But tell me sweete, can'st thou be dar'd to sweare  
That thou wilt liue to mee, and to no other?

*Anna.* By both our loues I dare, for didst thou know  
My *Giouanni*, how all suiters seeme  
To my eyes hatefull, thou wouldst trust mee then.



*'Tis pittie shes a Whoore.*

*Gio.* Enough, I take thy word; Sweet we must part,  
Remember what thou vow'st, keepe well my heart.

*Anna.* Will you begon? *Gio.* I must.

*Anna.* When to returne? *Gio.* Soone.

*Anna.* Looke you doe. *Gio.* Farewell. *Exit.*

*Anna.* Goe where thou wilt, in mind I'll keepe thee here,  
And where thou art, I know I shall be there

*Guardian.*

*Enter Putana.*

*Put.* Child, how is't child? well, thanke Heauen, ha!

*Anna.* O *Guardian*, what a Paradise of joy  
Haue I past ouer!

*Put.* Nay what a Paradise of ioy haue you past vnder?  
why now I commend thee (*Chardge*) feare nothing, (*sweete-*  
*heart*) what though hee be your Brother; your Brother's a  
man I hope, and I say still, if a young Wench feele the fitt vpon  
her, let her take any body, Father or Brother, all is one.

*Anna.* I would not haue it knowne for all the world.

*Put.* Nor I indeed, for the speech of the people; else 'twere  
*Florio within*--- Daughter *Annabella.* (nothing.

*Anna.* O mee! my Father,-- here Sir,-- reach my worke.

*Flo. within.* What are you doing? *An.* So, let him come now,

*Enter Florio, Richardetto, like a Doctor of Physicke,*  
*and Philotis with a Lute in her hand.*

*Flo.* So hard at worke, that's well; you lose no time, looke,  
I haue brought you company, here's one, a learned Doctor, late-  
ly come from *Padua*, much skild in *Physicke*, and for that I see  
you haue of late beene sickly, I entreated this reuerent man  
to visit you some time.

*Anna.* Y'are very welcome Sir.

*Richard.* I thanke you Mistresse,  
Loud Fame in large report hath spoke your praise,  
Aswell for Vertue as perfection:  
For which I haue beene bold to bring with mee  
A Kins-woman of mine, a maide, for song,  
And musicke, one perhaps will giue content,

Please

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

Please you to know her,

*Anna.* They are parts I loue,  
And shee for them most welcome.

*Phi.* Thanke you Lady.

*Flo.* Sirnow you know my house, pray make not strange,  
And if you finde my Daughter neede your Art,  
I'll be your pay-master.

*Rich.* Sir, what I am shee shall command.

*Flo.* You shall bind me to you,  
Daughter, I must haue conference with you,  
About some matters that concernes vs both.  
Good Maister Doctor, please you but walke in,  
Wee'll craue a little of your Cozens cunning:  
I thinke my Girle hath not quite forgot  
To touch an Instrument, she could haue don't,  
Wee'll heare them both.

*Rich.* I'll waite vpon you sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Soranzo in his study reading a Booke.*

*Loues measure is extreame, the comfort, paine:*

*The life vnrest, and the reward disdaine*

What's here? lookt o're againe, 'tis so, so writes  
This smooth licentious Poet in his rymes.  
But *Sanazar* thou lye'st, for had thy bosome  
Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,  
Thou wouldst haue kist the rod that made the smart.  
To worke then happy Muse, and contradict  
What *Sanazar* hath in his enuy writ.

*Loues measure is the meane; sweet his annoyes,*

*His pleasures life, and his reward all ioyes.*

Had *Annabella* liu'd when *Sanazar*  
Did in his brieft *Euconium* celebrate  
*Venice* that Queene of Citties, he had left  
That Verse which gaind him such a sume of Gold,  
And for one onely looke from *Annabell*  
Had writ of her, and her diuiner cheekes,  
O how my thoughts are———

*Vasques within*--Pray forbear, in rules of Ciuility, let me giue  
notice on't: I shall be tax't of my neglect of duty and seruice.

*Soran.*



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,*

*Soran.* What rude intrusion interrupts my peace,  
Can I be no where priuate?

*Vas. within.* Troth you wrong your modesty.

*Soran.* What's the matter *Vasques*, who is't?

*Enter Hippolita and Valques.*

*Hip.* 'Tis I:

Doe you know mee now? looke periurd man on her  
Whom thou and thy distracted lust haue wrong'd,  
Thy sensuall rage of blood hath made my youth  
A scorne to men and Angels, and shall I  
Be now a foyle to thy vnsted change?  
Thou knowst (false wanton) when my modest fame  
Stood free from staine, or scandall, all the charmes  
Of Hell or sorcery could not preuaile  
Against the honour of my chaster bosome.  
Thyne eyes did pleade in teares, thy tongue in oathes  
Such and so many, that a heart of steele  
Would haue beene wrought to pittie, as was mine:  
And shall the Conquest of my lawfull bed,  
My husbands death vrg'd on by his disgrace,  
My losse of woeman-hood be ill rewarded  
With hatred and contempt? No, know *Soranzo*,  
I haue a spirit doth as much distast  
The flauery of fearing thee, as thou  
Dost loath the memory of what hath past?

*Soran.* Nay deare *Hippolita*.

*Hip.* Call me not deare,  
Nor thinke with supple words to smoothe the grossenesse  
Of my abuses; 'tis not your new Mistresse,  
Your goodly *Madam Merchant* shall triumph  
On my detection; tell her thus from mee,  
My byrth was Nobler, and by much more Free.

*Soran.* You are too violent.

*Hip.* You are too double  
In your dissimulation, see'st thou this,  
This habit, these blacke mourning weedes of Care,  
'Tis thou art cause of this, and hast diuorc't



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

My husband from his life and me from him,  
And made me Widdow in my widdow-hood.

*Soran.* Will you yet heare?

*Hip.* More of the periuries?

Thy soule is drown'd too deepely in those sinnes,  
Thou need'st not add to'th number.

*Soran.* Then I'll leaue you,  
You are past all rules of fence.

*Hip.* And thou of grace.

*Vas.* Fy Mistresse, you are not neere the limits of reason, if  
my Lord had a resolution as noble as Vertue it selfe, you take the  
coursie to vnedge it all. Sir I beseech you doe not perplexe her,  
griefes (a'as) will haue a vent, I dare vndertake Madam *Hippo-*  
*lita* will now freely heare you.

*Soran.* Talke to a woman frantick, are these the fruits of your

*Hip.* They are the fruites of thy vntruth, false man, (loue?  
Didst thou not sweare, whil'st yet my husband liu'd,  
That thou wouldst wish no happinesse on earth  
More then to call me wife? didst thou not vow  
When hee should dye to marry mee? for which  
The Deuill in my blood, and thy protests  
Caus'd mee to Counsaile him to vndertake  
A voyage to *Ligorne*, for that we heard,  
His Brother there was dead, and left a Daughter  
Young and vnfriended, who with much adoe  
I wish't him to bring hither; hee did so,  
And went; and as thou know'st dyed on the way.  
Vnhappy man to buy his death so deare  
With my aduice; yet thou for whom I did it,  
Forget'st thy vowes, and leau'st me to my shame.

*Soran.* Who could helpe this?

*Hip.* Who? periur'd man thou couldst,  
If thou hadst faith or loue.

*Soran.* You are deceiu'd.  
The vowes I made, (if you remember well)  
Were wicked and vnlawfull, 'twere more sinne  
To keepe them, then to breake them; as for mee

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

I cannot maske my penitence, thinke thou  
How much thou hast digrest from honest shame,  
Inbringing of a gentleman to death  
Who was thy husband, such a one as hee,  
So noble in his quality, condition,  
Learning, behauour, entertainment, loue,  
As *Parma* could not shew a brauer man.

*Vas.* You doe not well, this was not your promise.

*Soran.* I care not, let her know her monstrous life.  
Ere I'le be seruile to so blacke a sinne,  
I'le be a Curse; woeman, come here no more,  
Learne to repent and dye; for by my honour  
I hate thee and thy lust; you haue beene too foule.

*Vas.* This part has beene scruilly playd.

*Hip.* How foolishly this beast contemnes his Fate,  
And shuns the vse of that, which I more scorne  
Then I once lou'd his loue; but let him goe,  
My vengeance shall giue comfort to his woe.

*She offers to  
goe away.*

*Vas.* Mistresse, Mistresse Madam *Hippolita*,  
Pray a word or two.

*Hip.* With mee Sir?

*Vas.* With you if you please. *Hip.* What is't?

*Vas.* I know you are infinitely mou'd now, and you thinke  
you haue cause, some I confesse you haue, but sure not so much  
as you imagine. *Hip.* Indced.

*Vas.* O you were miserably bitter, which you followed  
euen to the last fillable; Faith you were somewhat too shrewd,  
by my life you could not haue tooke my Lord in a worse time,  
since I first knew him: to morrow you shall finde him a new  
man. *Hip.* Well, I shall waite his leasure.

*Vas.* Fie, this is not a hearty patience, it comes sowerly from  
you, troth let me perswade you for once.

*Hip.* I haue it and it shall be so; thanks opportunity  
—— perswade me to what? ——

*Vas.* Visitt him in some milder temper, O if you could but  
master a little your femall spleen, how might you winne him!

*Hip.* Hee wil neuer loue me: *Vasques*, thou hast bin a too trusty  
seruant to such a master, & I beleeue thy reward in the end wil fa



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

out like mine. *Vas.* So perhaps too.

*Hip.* Resolue thy selfe it will; had I one so true, so truly honest, so secret to my Counsels, as thou hast beene to him and his, I should thinke it a slight acquittance, not onely to make him Maister of all I haue, but euen of my selfe.

*Vas.* O you are a noble Gentlewoman.

*Hip.* Wilt thou feede alwayes vpon hopes? well, I know thou art wise, and see'st the reward of an old seruant daily what it is.

*Vas.* Beggerie and neglect.

*Hip.* True, but *Vasques*, wert thou mine, and wouldst bee priuate to me and my designs; I here protest my selfe, and all what I can else call myne, should be at thy dispose.

*Vas.* Worke you that way old moule? then I haue the wind of you — I were not worthy of it, by any desert that could lye — within my compasse; if I could —

*Hip.* What then?

*Vas.* I should then hope to liue in these my old yeares with rest and security.

*Hip.* Giue me thy hand, now promise but thy silence,  
And helpe to bring to passe a plot I haue;  
And here in sight of Heauen, (that being done)  
I make thee Lord of mee and mine estate.

*Vas.* Come you are merry,  
This is such a happinesse that I can  
Neither thinke or beleue.

*Hip.* Promise thy secrecie, and 'tis confirm'd.

*Vas.* Then here I call our good *Genij* toe-witnesses, whatsoever your designs are, or against whomsoever, I will not onely be a speciall actor therein, but neuer disclose it till it be effected.

*Hip.* I take thy word, and with that, thee for mine:  
Come then, let's more conferre of this anon.  
On this delicious bane my thoughts shall banquet,  
Reuenge shall sweeten what my griefes haue tasted. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Richardetto and Philotis.*

*Richar.* Thou see'st (my louely Neece) these strange mil-  
How all my fortunes turne to my disgrace, (happes,  
Wherein I am but as a looker on,

Whiles

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

Whiles others act my shame, and I am silent.

*Phi.* But Vnkle, wherein can this borrowed shape  
Giue you content?

*Richard.* I'le tell thee gentle Neece,  
Thy wanton Aunt in her lasciuious riotts  
Liues now secure, thinks I am surely dead  
In my late Iourney to *Ligorne* for you;  
(As I haue caus'd it to be rumord out)  
Now would I see with what an impudence  
Shee giues scope to her loose adultery,  
And how the Common voyce allowes hereof:  
Thus farre I haue preuail'd.

*Phi.* Alas, I feare  
You meane some strange reuenge.

*Richard.* O be not troubled,  
Your ignorance shall pleade for you in all,  
But to our businesse, what, you learnt for certaine  
How *Signior Florio* meanes to giue his Daughter  
In marriage to *Soranzo*?

*Phi.* Yes for certaine.

*Richard.* But how finde you young *Annabella's* loue,  
Inclind to him?

*Phi.* For ought I could perceiue,  
Shee neyther fancies him or any else.

*Richard.* There's Mystery in that which time must shew,  
Shee vs'd you kindly.

*Phi.* Yes.

*Richard.* And crau'd your company? *Phi.* Often.

*Richard.* 'Tis well, it goes as I could wish,  
I am the Doctor now, and as for you,  
None knowes you; if all faile not we shall thriue.  
But who comes here? *Enter Grimaldi.*

I know him, 'tis *Grimaldi*,  
A Roman and a souldier, neere allyed  
Vnto the Duke of *Montferrato*, one  
Attending on the *Nuntio* of the Pope  
That now resides in *Parma*, by which meanes  
He hopes to get the loue of *Annabella*,



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Gri.* Saue you Sir. *Richard.* And you Sir.

*Gri.* I haue heard  
Of your approu'd skill, which through the City  
Is freely talkt of, and would craue your ayd.

*Richard.* For what Sir?

*Gri.* Marry sir for this—  
But I would speake in Priuate.

*Richard.* Leaue vs Cozen.

*Exit Phi.*

*Gri.* I loue faire *Annabella*, and would know  
Whether in Arts there may not be receipts  
To moue affection.

*Richard.* Sir perhaps there may;  
But these will nothing profit you.

*Gri.* Not mee?

*Richard.* Vnlesse I be mistooke, you are a man  
Greatly in fauour with the Cardinall.

*Gri.* What of that?

*Richard.* In duty to his Grace,  
I will be bold to tell you, if you seeke  
To marry *Florio's* daughter, you must first  
Remoue a barre twixt you and her.

*Gri.* Whose that?

*Richard.* *Soranzo* is the man that hath her heart,  
And while hee liues, be sure you cannot speed.

*Gri.* *Soranzo*, what mine Enemy, is't hee?

*Richard.* Is hee your Enemy?

*Gri.* The man I hate,  
Worse then Confusion;  
I'le tell him streight.

*Richard.* Nay, then take mine aduice,  
(Euen for his Graces sake the Cardinall)  
I'le finde a time when hee and shee doe meete,  
Of which I'le giue you notice, and to be sure  
Hee shall not scape you, I'le prouide a poyson  
To dip your Rapiers poynt in, if hee had  
As many heads as *Hidra* had; he dyes.

*Gri.* But shall I trust thee Doctor?

*Richard.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Richard.* As your selfe,  
Doubt not in ought; thus shall the Fates decree,  
By me *Soranzo* falls, that min'd mee. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Donado, Bergetto and Poggio.*

*Do.* Well Sir, I must bee content to be both your Secretary and your Messenger my selfe; I cannot tell what this Letter may worke, but as sure as I am alive, if thou come once to talke with her, I feare thou wu't marre whatsoeuer I make.

*Ber.* You make Vnkle? why am not I bigge enough to carry mine owne Letter I pray?

*Do.* I, I carry a fooles head o'thy owne; why thou Dunce, wouldst thou write a letter, and carry it thy selfe?

*Ber.* Yes that I wudd, and reade it to her with my owne mouth, for you must thinke, if shee will not beleue me my selfe when she heares me speake; she will not beleue anothers hand-writing. O you thinke I am a blocke-head Vnkle, no sir, *Poggio* knowes I haue indited a letter my selfe, so I haue.

*Pog.* Yes truely sir, I haue it in my pocket.

*Do.* A sweete one no doubt, pray let's see't.

*Ber.* I cannot reade my owne hand very well *Poggio*,  
Reade it *Poggio*.

*Do.* Begin.

*Poggio* reades.

*Pog.* **M**ost dainty and honey-sweete Mistresse, I could call you faire, and lie as fast as any that loues you, but my Vnkle being the elder man, I leane it to him, as more fit for his age, and the colour of his beard; I am wise enough to tell you I can board where I see occasion, or if you like my Vnkles wit better then mine, you shall marry mee; if you like mine better then his, I will marry you in spite of your teeth; So commending my best parts to you, I rest.

Yours vpwards and downewards,  
or you may chose, *Bergetto.*

*Ber.* Ah ha, here's stufte Vnkle.

*Do.* Here's stufte indeed to shame vs all,  
Pray whole aduice did you take in this learned Letter?

*Pog.* None vpon my word, but mine owne.

*Ber.*



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Ber.* And mine Vnkle, belecue it, no bodies else ; 'twas mine owne brayne, I thanke a good wit for't.

*Do.* Get you home sir , and looke yon keepe within doores till I returne.

*Ber.* How ? that were a iest indeede ; I scorne it yfaith.

*Do.* What you doe not ?

*Ber.* Iudge me, but I doe now.

*Pog.* Indeede sir 'tis very vnhealthy.

*Do.* Well sir, if I heare any of your apilsa running to motions, and fopperies till I come backe , you were as good no ; looke too't.

*Exit Do.*

*Ber.* *Poggio*, shall's steale to see this Horse with the head in's

*Pog.* I but you must take heede of whipping. (rayle?)

*Ber.* Dost take me for a Child *Poggio*,  
Come honest *Poggio*.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Fryar and Giouanni.*

*Fry.* Peace, thou hast told a tale, whose euery word  
Threatens eternall slaughter to the soule :

I'me sorry I haue heard it ; would mine eares

Had beene one minute deafe, before the houre

That thou cam'st to mee : *O young man* cast-away,

By the relligious number of mine order,

I day and night haue wak't my aged eyes,

Above thy strength, to weepe on thy behalfe :

But Heauen is angry, and be thou resolu'd,

Thou art a man remark't to tast a mischiefe,

Looke for't ; though it come late, it will come sure.

*Gio.* Father, in this you are vncharitable ;

What I haue done, I'le proue both fit and good.

It is a principall (which you haue taught

When I was yet your Scholler) that the Fame

And Composition of the *Minde* doth follow

The Frame and Composition of *Body* :

So where the *Bodies* furniture is *Beanty*,

The *Mindes* must needs be *Vertue* : which allowed,

*Vertue* it selfe is *Reason* but refin'd,

And *Loue* the Quintessence of that, this proues

My

*'Tis pittie shes a Whoore,*

My Sisters *Beauty* being rarely *Faire*,  
Is rarely *Vertuous* ; chiefly in her loue,  
And chiefly in that *Loue*, her loue to me.  
If hers to me, then so is mine to her ;  
Since in like Causes are effects alike.

*Fry.* O ignorance in knowledge, long agoe,  
How often haue I warn'd thee this before ?  
Indeede if we were sure there were no *Deity*,  
Nor *Heauen* nor *Hell*, then to be lead alone,  
By Natures light (as were Philosophers  
Of elder times) might instance some defence.  
But 'tis not so ; then Madman, thou wilt finde,  
That *Nature* is in Heauens positions blind.

*Gio.* Your age o're rules you, had you youth like mine,  
You'd make her loue your heauen, and her diuine.

*Fry.* Nay then I see th'art too farre sold to hell,  
It lies not in the Compasse of my prayers  
To call thee backe ; yet let me Counsell thee :  
Perswade thy sister to some marriage.

*Gio.* Marriage ? why that's to dambe her ; that's to proue  
Her greedy of variety of lust.

*Fry.* O fearefull ! if thou wilt not, giue me leaue  
To shriue her ; lest shee should dye vn-absolu'd.

*Gio.* At your best leasure Father, then shee'le tell you,  
How dearely shee doth prize my Matchlesse loue,  
Then you will know what pittie 'twere we two  
Should haue beene sundred from each others armes,  
View well her face, and in that little round,  
You may obserue a world of variety ;  
For Colour, lips, for sweet perfumes, her breath ;  
For Iewels, eyes ; for threds of purest gold,  
Hayre ; for delicious choyce of Flowers, cheekes ;  
Wonder in euery portion of that Throne :  
Heare her but speake, and you will sweare the Sphares  
Make Musicke to the Cittizens in Heauen :  
But Father, what is else for pleasure fram'd,  
Least I offend your cares shall goe vn-nam'd.



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Fry.* The more I heare, I pittie thee the more,  
That one so excellent should giue those parts  
All to a second Death; what I can doe  
Is but to pray; and yet I could aduise thee,  
Wouldst thou be rul'd.

*Gio.* In what?

*Fry.* Why leaue her yet,  
The Throne of *Mercy* is about your trespasse,  
Yet time is left you both----

*Gio.* To embrace each other,  
Else let all time be stricke quite out of number;  
Shee is like mee, and I like her resolu'd.

*Fry.* No more, I'le visit her; this grieues me most,  
Things being thus, a paire of foules are lost. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Florio, Donado, Annabella, Putana.*

*Flo.* Where's *Giouanni*?

*Anna.* Newly walk't abroad,  
And (as I heard him say) gon to the Fryar  
His reuerent Tutor.

*Flo.* That's a blessed man,  
A man made vp of holinesse, I hope  
Hee'le teach him how to gaine another world.

*Do.* Faire Gentlewoman, here's a letter sent  
To you from my young Cozen, I dare sweare  
He loues you in his soule, would you could heare  
Sometimes, what I see dayly, sighes and teares,  
As if his breast were prison to his heart.

*Flo.* Receiue it *Annabella*.

*Anna.* Alas good man.

*Do.* What's that she said?

*Put.* And please you sir, she sayd, alas good man, truely I doe  
Commend him to her euery night before her first sleepe, because  
I would haue her dreame of him, and shee harkens to that most  
reliigiously.

*Do.* Say'st so, godamercy *Putana*, there's something for thee,  
and prythee doe what thou canst on his behalfe; sha' not  
be

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,*

be lo<sup>u</sup>'labour, take my word for't.

*Pu.* I thanke you most heartily sir, now I haue a *Feeling* of your mind, let mee alone to worke.

*Anna.* *Guardian!*

*Pu.* Did you call?

*Anna.* Keepe this letter,

*Do.* *Signior Florio*, in any case bid her reade it instantly.

*Flo.* Keepe it for what? pray reade it mee here right.

*Anna.* I shall sir,

*She reades.*

*Do.* How d'ee finde her inclin'd *Signior?*

*Flo.* Troth sir I know not how; not all so well

As I could wish.

*Anna.* Sir I am bound to rest your Cozens debter,  
The Iewell I'll retorne, for if he loue,  
I'll count that loue a Iewell.

*Do.* Marke you that?

Nay keepe them both sweete Maide.

*Anna.* You must excuse mee,  
Indeed I will not keepe it.

*Flo.* Where's the Ring,  
That which your Mother in her will bequeath'd,  
And charg'd you on her blessing not to giue't  
To any but your Husband? send backe that.

*Anna.* I haue it not,

*Flo.* Ha! haue it not, where is't?

*Anna.* My brother in the morning tooke it from me,  
Said he would weare't to Day.

*Flo.* Well, what doe you say  
To young *Bergetto's* loue? are you content  
To match with him? speake.

*Do.* There's the poynt indeed.

*Anna.* What shal I doe, I must say something now.

*Flo.* What say, why d'ee not speake?

*Anna.* Sir with your leaue  
Please you to giue me freedome.

*Flo.* Yes you haue.

*Anna.* *Signior Donado*, if your Nephew meane



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

To rayse his better Fortunes in his match,  
The hope of mee will hinder such a hope;  
Sir if you loue him, as I know you doe;  
Find one more worthy of his choyce then mee,  
In short, I'm sure, I sha' not be his wife.

*Do.* Why here's plaine dealing, I commend thee for't,  
And all the worst I wish thee, is heauen blesse thee,  
Your Father yet and I will still be friends,  
Shall we not *Signior Florio*?

*Flo.* Yes, why not?  
Looke here your Cozen comes.

*Ente Bergetto and Poggio.*

*Do.* Oh Coxcombe, what doth he make here?

*Ber.* Where's my Vnkle sirs.

*Do.* What's the newes now?

*Ber.* Saue you Vnkle, saue you, you must not thinke I come  
for nothing Maisters, and how and how is't? what you haue  
read my letter, ah, there I---- tickled you yfaith.

*Pog.* But 'twere better you had tickled her in another place.

*Ber.* Sirrah *Sweet-heart*, I'le tell thee a good jest, and riddle  
what 'tis.

*Anna.* You say you'd tell mee.

*Ber.* As I was walking iust now in the Streete, I mett a  
swaggering fellow would needs take the wall of me, and be-  
cause hee did thrust me, I very valiantly cal'd him *Rogue*, hee  
hereupon bad me drawe; I told him I had more wit then so, but  
when hee saw that I would not, hee did so maule me with the  
hilts of his Rapier, that my head sung whil't my feete caper'd  
in'the kennell.

*Do.* Was euer the like asse scene?

*Anna.* And what did you all this while?

*Ber.* Laugh at him for a gull, till I see the blood runne about  
mine eares, and then I could not choose but finde in my  
heart to cry; till a fellow with a broad beard, (they say hee  
is a new-come Doctor) cald mee into this house, and gaue me a  
playster, looke you here 'tis; and sir there was a young wench  
washt my face and hands most excellently, yfaith I shall loue  
her

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

her as long as I liue for't, did she not *Poggio*?

*Pog.* Yes and kist him too.

*Ber.* Why la now, you thinke I tell a lye Vnkle I warrant.

*Do.* Would hee that beate thy blood out of thy head, had beaten some wit into it; For I feare thou neuer wilt haue any.

*Ber.* Oh Vnkle, but there was a wench, would haue done a mans heart good to haue lookt on her, by this light shee had a face mee-thinks worth twenty of you Mistresse *Annabella*.

*Do.* Was euer such a foole borne?

*Anna.* I am glad shee lik't you sir.

*Ber.* Are you so, by my troth I thanke you forsooth.

*Flo.* Sure 'twas the Doctors neece, that was last day with vs here:

*Ber.* 'Twas shee, 'twas shee:

*Do.* How doe you know that simplicity?

*Ber.* Why doe's not hee say so? if I should haue sayd no, I should haue giuen him the lye *Vnkle*, and so haue deseru'd a dry beating againe; I'le none of that.

*Flo.* A very modest welbehau'd young Maide as I haue scene.

*Do.* Is shee indeed?

*Flo.* Indeed

Shee is, if I haue any Iudgement.

*Do.* Well sir, now you are free, you need not care for sending letters; now you are dismiss'd, your Mistresse here will none of you.

*Ber.* No; why what care I for that, I can haue Wenches enough in *Parma* for halfe a Crowne a peece, cannot I *Poggio*?

*Pog.* I'le warrant you sir.

*Do.* Signior *Florio*, I thanke you for your free recourse you gaue for my admittance; and to you faire Maide that Iewell I will giue you 'gainst your marriage, come will you goe sir?

*Ber.* I marry will I Mistres, farwell Mistres, I'le come againe to morrow---farwell Mistres. *Exit Do. Ber. & Pog.*

*Enter Gio.*

*Flo.* Sonne, where haue you beene? what alone, alone, still, still? I would not haue it so, you must forsake this ouer bookish humour. Well, your Sister hath shooke the Foole off.



*'Tis pittie shes a Whoore.*

*Gio.* 'Twas no match for her.

*Flo.* 'Twas not indeed I ment it nothing lesse;

*Seranzo* is the man I onely like;

Looke on him *Annabella*, come, 'tis supper-time,

And it growes late.

*Exit Florio.*

*Gio.* Whose Jewell's that?

*Anna.* Some Sweet-hearts.

*Gio.* So I thinke.

*Anna.* A lusty youth, *Signior Donado* gaue it me  
To weare against my Marriage.

*Gio.* But you shall not weare it, send it him backe againe.

*Anna.* What, you are jealous?

*Gio.* That you shall know anon, at better leasure:  
We come sweetenight, the Euening crownes the Day. *Exeunt.*

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## *Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio.*

*Ber.* **D**O'es my Vnkle thinke to make mee a Baby still? no,  
*Poggio*, he shall know, I haue a skonce now.

*Pog.* I let him not bobbe you off like an Ape with an apple.

*Ber.* Sfoot, I will haue the wench, if he were tenne Vnkles,  
in despight of his nose *Poggio*. (ground,

*Pog.* Hold him to the Grynd-stone, and giue not a jot of  
Shee hath in a manner promised you already.

*Pog.* True *Poggio*, and her Vnkle the Doctor  
Swore I should marry her.

*Pog.* He swore I remember.

*Ber.* And I will haue her that's more; did't see the codpeice-  
poynt she gaue me, and the box of Mermalade?

*Pog.* Very well, and kist you, that my chopps watred at the  
fight on't; there's no way but to clap vp a marriage in hugger  
mugger.

*Ber.* I will do't for I tell thee *Poggio*, I begin to grow valiant  
methinks,

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

methinkes, and my courage begins to rise.

*Pog.* Should you be afraid of your Vnkle?

*Ber.* Hang him old doating Rascall, no, I say I will haue her.

*Pog.* Lose no time then.

*Ber.* I will beget a race of Wise men and Constables, that shall cart whoores at their owne charges, and breake the Dukes peace ere I haue done my selfe. — come away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Florio, Giouanni, Soranzo, Annabella,  
Putana and Vasques.*

*Flo.* My Lord *Soranzo*, though I must confesse,  
The proffers that are made me, haue beene great  
In marriage of my daughter; yet the hope  
Of your still rising honours, haue preuaild  
Abooue all other Ioynctures; here shee is,  
She knowes my minde, speake for your selfe to her,  
And heare you daughter, see you vse him nobly,  
For any priuate speech, I'le giue you time:  
Come sonne and you, the rest let them alone,  
Agree as they may.

*Soran.* I thanke you sir.

*Gio.* Sister be not all woeman, thinke on me.

*Soran.* *Vasques?* *Vas.* My Lord.

*Soran.* Attend me without — *Exeunt omnes, manet Soran.*

*Anna.* Sir what's your will with me? *(G Anna.)*

*Soran.* Doe you not know what I should tell you?

*Anna.* Yes, you'le say you loue mee.

*Soran.* And I'le sweare it too; will you beleue it?

*Anna.* 'Tis not poynt of faith.

*Enter Giouanni aboue.*

*Soran.* Haue you not will to loue?

*Anna.* Not you. *Soran.* Whom then?

*Anna.* That's as the Fates inferre.

*Gio.* Of those I'me regient now.

*Soran.* What meane you sweete?

*Anna.* To liue and dye a Maide.

*Soran.*



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Soran.* Ch that's vnfit.

*Gio.* Here's one can say that's but a womans noate.

*Soran.* Did you but see my heart, then would you sweare—

*Anna.* That you were dead.

*Gio.* That's true, or somewhat neerer it.

*Soran.* See you these true loues teares?

*Anna.* No. *Gio.* Now shee winkes.

*Soran.* They plead to you for grace.

*Anna.* Yet nothing speake.

*Soran.* Oh grant my suite.

*Anna.* What is't *Soran.* To let mee liue.

*Anna.* Take it—

*Soran.* Still yours.—

*Anna.* That is not mine to giue.

*Gio.* One such another word would kil his hopes.

*Soran.* Mistres, to leaue those fruitlesse strifes of wit,  
I know I haue lou'd you long, and lou'd you truely;  
Not hope of what you haue, but what you are  
Haue drawne me on, then let mee not in vaine  
Still feele the rigour of your chaste disdaine.  
I'me sicke, and sicke to th'heart.

*Anna.* Helpe, *Aquavita.*

*Soran.* What meane you?

*Anna.* Why I thought you had beene sicke.

*Soran.* Doe you mocke my loue?

*Gio.* There fir shee was too nimble.

*Soran.* 'Tis plaine; shee laughes at me, these scornefull taunts  
neither become your modesty, or yeares.

*Anna.* You are no looking-glasse, or if you were, I'de dresse  
my language by you.

*Gio.* I'me confirm'd —

*Anna.* To put you out of doubt, my Lord, mee-thinks your  
Common sence should make you vnderstand, that if I lou'd you,  
or desir'd your loue, some way I should haue giuen you better  
tast: but since you are a Noble man, and one I would not wish  
should spend his youth in hopes, let mee aduise you here, to for-  
beare your suite, and thinke I wish you well, I tell you this.

*Soran.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,*

*Soran.* Is't you speake this?

*Anna.* Yes, I my selfe; yet know  
Thus farre I giue you comfort, if mine eyes  
Could haue pickt out a man (among all those  
That sue'd to mee) to make a husband of,  
You should haue beene that man; let this suffice,  
Be noble in your secrecie and wife.

*Gio.* Why now I see shee loues me.

*Anna.* One word more:  
As euer Vertue liu'd within your mind,  
As euer noble courses were your guide,  
As euer you would haue me know you lou'd me,  
Let not my Father know hereof by you:  
If I hereafter finde that I must marry,  
It shall be you or none.

*Soran.* I take that promise.

*Anna.* Oh, oh my head.

*Soran.* What's the matter, not well?

*Anna.* Oh I begin to sicken.

*Gio.* Heauen forbid.

*Exit from above.*

*Soran.* Helpe, helpe, within there ho!

*Gio.* Looke to your daughter *Signier Florio.*

*Enter Florio, Giouanni, Putana.*

*Flo.* Hold her vp, shee founes.

*Gio.* Sister how d'ee?

*Anna.* Sicke, brother, are you there?

*Flo.* Conuay her to her bed instantly, whil'ft I send for a Physitian, quickly I say.

*Put.* Alas poore Child.

*Exeunt, manet Soranzo.*

*Enter Vasques.*

*Vas.* My Lord.

*Soran.* Oh *Vasques*, now I doubly am vndone,  
Both in my present and my future hopes:  
Shee plainly told me, that shee could not loue,  
And thereupon soone sickned, and I feare  
Her life's in danger.



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Vas.* Byr lady Sir, and so is yours, if you knew all. — 'las sir, I am sorry for that, may bee 'tis but the *Maides sicknesse*, an ouer-fluxe of youth- and then sir, there is no such present remedy, as present Marriage. But hath shee giuen you an absolute deniall?

*Soran.* She hath and she hath not; I'me full of griefe,  
But what she sayd, I'le tell thee as we goe, *Exeunt.*

*Enter Giouanni and Putana.*

*Put.* Oh sir, wee are all vndone, quite vndone, vtterly vndone,  
And shan'd foreuer; your sister, oh your sister.

*Gio.* What of her? for Heauens sake speake, how do'es shee?

*Put.* Oh that euer I was borne to see this day.

*Gio.* She is not dead, ha, is shee?

*Put.* Dead? no, shee is quicke, 'tis worse, she is with childe,  
You know what you haue done; Heauen forgiue 'ee,  
'Tis too late to repent, now Heauen helpe vs.

*Gio.* With child? how dost thou know't?

*Put.* How doe I know't? am I at these yeeres ignorant, what  
the meaning's of Quames, and Waterpangs be? of changing of  
Colours, Queziness of stomacks, Pinkings, and another thing  
that I could name; doe not (for her and your Credits sake) spend  
the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so; shee is quick  
vpon my word, if you let a Phisitian see her water y'are  
vndone.

*Gio.* But in what case is shee?

*Put.* Prettilly amended, 'twas but a fit which I soone espi'd,  
and she must looke for often hence-forward.

*Gio.* Commend me to her, bid her take no care,  
Let not the Doctor visit her, I charge you,  
Make some excuse, till I returne; oh mee,  
I haue a world of businesse in my head,  
Doe not discomfort her; how doe this newes perplex mee;  
If my Father come to her, tell him shee's recouer'd well,  
Say 'twas but some ill dyer; d'ee heare *Woeman*,  
Looke you to't.

*Put.* I will sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*'Tis pittie shee a Whore.*

*Enter Florio and Richard.*

*Flo.* And how d'ee finde her sir?

*Richard.* Indifferent well,  
I see no danger, scarce perceiue shee's sicke,  
But that shee told mee, shee had lately eaten  
Mellownes, and as shee thought, those disagreed  
With her young stomacke.

*Flo.* Did you giue her ought?

*Richard.* An easie surfeit water, nothing else,  
You need not doubt her health; I rather thinke  
Her sicknesse is a fulnesse of her blood,  
You vnderstand mee?

*Flo.* I doe; you counsell well,  
And once within these few dayes, will so order't  
She shall be married, ere shee know the time.

*Richard.* Yet let not hast (sir) make vnworthy choice,  
That were dishonour.

*Flo.* Master Doctor no,  
I will not doe so neither, in plaine words  
My Lord Soranzo is the man I meane.

*Richard.* A noble and a vertuous Gentleman.

*Flo.* As any is in Parma; not farre hence,  
Dwels Father Bonauenture, a graue Fryar,  
Once Tutor to my Sonne; now at his Cell  
I'le haue'em married.

*Richard.* You haue plotted wisely.

*Flo.* I'le send one straight  
To speake with him to night.

*Richard.* Soranzo's wife, he will delay no time:

*Flo.* It shall be so.

*Enter Fryar and Giouanni.*

*Fry.* Good peace be here and loue.

*Flo.* Welcome relligious Fryar, you are one,  
That still bring blessing to the place you come to.

*Gie.* Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best,  
To draw this holy man from forth his Cell,  
To visit my sicke sister, that with words



*'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.*

Ofghostly comfort in this time of neede,  
Hee might absolue her, whether she liue or dye.

*Flo.* 'Twas well done *Giouanni*, thou herein  
Hast shewed a Christians care, a Brothers loue.  
Come Father, I'le conduct you to her chamber,  
And one thing would intreat you.

*Fry.* Say on sir.

*Flo.* I haue a Fathers deare impression,  
And wish before I fall into my graue,  
That I might see her married, as 'tis fit;  
A word from you *Graue man*, will winne her more,  
Then all our best perswasions.

*Fry.* Gentle Sir,  
All this I'le say, that Heauen may prosper her.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Grimaldi.*

*Gri.* Now if the Doctor keepe his word, *Soranzo*,  
Twenty to one you misse your Bride; I know  
'Tis an vnnoble act, and not becomes  
A Souldiers vallour; but in termes of loue,  
Where Merite cannot sway, Policy must.  
I am resolu'd, if this Phisitian  
Play not on both hands, then *Soranzo* falls.

*Enter Richardetto.*

*Richard.* You are come as I could wish, this very night *Soranzo*, 'tis ordain'd must bee affied to *Annabella*; and for ought I know, married.

*Gri.* How!

*Richard.* Yet your patience,  
The place, 'tis Fryars *Bonauentures* Cell.  
Now I would wish you to bestow this night,  
In watching thereabouts, 'tis but a night,  
If you misse now, to morrow I'le know all.

*Gri.* Haue you the payson?

*Richard.* Here 'tis in this Box,  
Doubt nothing, this will doe't; in any case  
As you respect your life, be quicke and sure.

*Gri.* I'le speede him.

*Richard.* Doe; away, for 'tis not safe

You

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

You should be seene much here — euer my loue.

*Gri.* And mine to you.

*Exit Gri.*

*Richard.* So, if this hitt, I'le laugh and hug reuenge ;  
And they that now dreame of a wedding-feast,  
May chance to mourne the lusty Bridegromes ruine,  
But to my other businesse ; Neice *Philotis.*

*Enter Philotis.*

*Phi.* Vnkle.

*Richard.* My louely Neece, you haue bethought 'ee.

*Phi.* Yes, and as you counsel'd,  
Fashion'd my heart to loue him, but hee sweares  
Hee will to night be married ; for he feares  
His Vnkle else, if hee should know the drift,  
Will hinder all, and call his Couze to shrift.

*Richard.* To night ? why best of all ; but let mee see,  
I — ha — yes, — so it shall be ; in disguise  
Wee'le earely to the Fryars, I haue thought on't.

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio*

*Phi.* Vnkle, hee comes.

*Richard.* Welcome my worthy Couze.

*Ber.* I asse pretty Lasse, come busse Lasse, a ha *Poggio.*

*Phi.* There's hope of this yet.

*Richard.* You shall haue time enough, withdraw a litt'e,  
Wee must conferre at large.

*Ber.* Haue you not sweete-meates, or dainty deuices for me ?

*Phi.* You shall enough *Sweet-heart.*

*Ber.* *Sweet-heart*, marke that *Poggio* ; by my troth I cannot  
choose but kisse thee once more for that word *Sweet-heart* ; *Pog-*  
*gio*, I haue a monstrous swelling about my stomacke, whatsoener  
the matter be.

*Pog.* You shall haue Phisick for't sir.

*Richard.* Time runs apace.

*Ber.* Time's a blockhead.

*Richard.* Be rul'd, when wee haue done what's fitt to doe,  
Then you may kisse your fill, and bed her too.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter.*



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Enter the Fryar in his study, sitting in a chayre, Annabella kneeling and whispering to him, a Table before them and wax-lights, she weepes, and wrings her hands.*

*Fry.* I am glad to see this pennance ; for beleeeue me,  
You haue vnript a soule, so foule and guilty.  
As I must tell you true, I maruaile how  
The earth hath borne you vp, but weepe, weepe on,  
These teares may doe you good ; weepe faster yet,  
Whiles I doe reade a Lecture.

*Anna.* Wretched creature.

*Fry.* I, you are wretched, miserably wretched,  
Almost condemn'd aliue ; there is a place  
(List daughter) in a blacke and hollow Vault,  
Where day is neuer scene ; there shines no Sunne,  
But flaming horreur of consuming Fires ;  
A lightlesse Suphure, choakt with smoaky fogs  
Of an infected darknesse ; in this place  
Dwell many thousand, thousand sundry sorts  
Of neuer dying deaths ; there damned soules  
Roare without pittie, there are Gluttons fedd  
With Toades and Addars ; there is burning Oyle  
Powr'd downe the Drunkards throate , the Vsurer  
Is forc't to suppe whole draughts of molten Gold ;  
There is the 'Murtherer for-euer stab'd,  
Yet can he neuer dye ; there lies the wanton  
On Racks of burning steele, whiles in his soule  
Hee feeles the torment of his raging lust.

*Anna.* Mercy, oh mercy.

*Fry* There stands these wretched things,  
Who haue dream't out whole yeeres in lawlesse sheets  
And secret incests, cursing one another ;  
Then you will wish, each kisse your brother gaue,  
Had beene a Daggers poynt ; then you shall heare  
How hee will cry, oh would my wicked sister  
Had first beene damn'd, when shee did yeeld to lust.

But

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

But soft, methinkes I see repentance worke  
New motions in your heart, say? how is't with you?

*Anna.* Is there no way left to redeeme my miseries?

*Fry.* There is, despaire not; Heauen is mercifull,  
And offers grace euen now; 'tis thus agreed,  
First, for your Honours safety that you marry  
The Lord *Soranzo*, next, to saue your soule,  
Leaue off this life, and henceforth liue to him.

*Anna.* Ay mee.

*Fry.* Sigh not, I know the baytes of sinne  
Are hard to leaue, oh 'tis a death to doe't.  
Remember what must come, are you content?

*Anna.* I am.

*Fry.* I like it well, wee'le take the time,  
Who's neere vs there?

*Enter Florio, Giouanni.*

*Flo.* Did you call Father?

*Fry.* Is Lord *Soranzo* come?

*Flo.* Hee stayes belowe.

*Fry.* Haue you acquainted him at full?

*Flo.* I haue and hee is ouer-ioy'd.

*Fry.* And so are wee: bid him come neere.

*Gio.* My Sister weeping, ha? I feare this *Fryars* falshood,  
I will call him. *Exit.*

*Flo.* Daughter, are you resolu'd?

*Anna.* Father, I am.

*Enter Giouanni, Soranzo, and Vasques.*

*Flo.* My Lord *Soranzo*, here  
Giue mee your hand, for that I giue you this.

*Soran.* Lady, say you so too?

*Anna.* I doe, and vow, to liue with you and yours.

*Fry.* Timely resolu'd:

My blessing rest on both, more to be done,  
You may performe it on the Morning-sun. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Enter Grimaldi with his Rapier drawne,  
and a Darke-lanthorne.*

*Gri.* 'Tis early night as yet, and yet too soone  
To finish such a worke; here I will lye  
To listen who comes next.

*Hee lies downe.*

*Enter Bergetto and Philotis disguis'd, and after  
Richardetto and Poggio.*

*Ber.* Wee are almost at the place, I hope *Sweet-heart.*

*Gri.* I heare them neere, and heard one say *Sweet-heart,*  
'Tis hee; now guide my hand some angry *Justice*  
Home to his bosome, now haue at you sir. *Strikes Ber. & Exit.*

*Ber.* Oh helpe, helpe, here's a stich fallen in my gutts,  
Oh for a Flesh-taylor quickly — *Poggio.*

*Phi.* What ayles my loue?

*Ber.* I am sure I cannot pisse forward and backward, and yet  
I am wet before and behind, lights, lights, ho lights.

*Phi.* Alas, some Villaine here has slaine my loue.

*Richard.* Oh Heauen forbid it; raise vp the next neighbours  
Instantly *Poggio*, and bring lights, *Exit Poggio.*  
How is't *Bergetto*? slaine?

It cannot be; are you sure y'are hurt?

*Ber.* O my belly seeths like a Porridge-pot, some cold water  
I shall boyle ouer else; my whole body is in a sweat, that you  
may wring my shirt; feele here — why *Poggio.*

*Enter Poggio with Officers, and lights and Halberts.*

*Pog.* Here; alas, how doe you?

*Richard.* Giue me a light, what's here? all blood! O sirs,  
*Signior Donado's* Nephew now is slaine,  
Follow the murtherer with all the haste  
Vp to the Citty, hee cannot be farre hence,  
Follow I beseech you.

*Officers.* Follow, follow, follow.

*Exeunt Officers.  
Richard.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Richard.* Teare off thy linnen Couz, to stop his wounds,  
Be of good comfort man.

*Ber.* Is all this mine owne b'ood? nay then good-night with  
me, *Poggio*, commend me to my Vnkle, dost heare? bid him for  
my sake make much of this wench, oh---I am going the wrong  
way sure, my belly akes so ---oh farwell, *Poggio*---oh---  
oh---

*Dyes.*

*Phi.* O hee is dead.

*Pog.* How! dead!

*Richard.* Hee's dead indeed,  
'Tis now to late to weepe, let's haue him home,  
And with what speed we may, finde out the Murtherer.

*Pog.* Oh my Maister, my Maister, my Maister. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Valques and Hippolita.*

*Hip.* Betroath'd?

*Vas.* I saw it.

*Hip.* And when's the marriage-day?

*Vas.* Some two dayes hence.

*Hip.* Two dayes? Why man I would but with two houres  
To send him to his last, and lasting sleepe.

And *Vasques* thou shalt see, I'll doe it brauely.

*Vas.* I doe not doubt your wisedome, nor (I trust) you my  
I am infinitely yours. *(secrecie,*

*Hip.* I wil be thine in spight of my disgrace,  
So soone? o wicked man, I durst be sworne,  
Hee'd laugh to see mee weepe.

*Vas.* And that's a Villanous fault in him.

*Hip.* No, let him laugh, I'me arm'd in my resolues,  
Be thou still true.

*Vas.* I should get little by treachery against so hopefull a pre-  
ferment, as I am like to climbe to.

*Hip.* Euen to my bosome *Vasques*, let *My youth*  
Reuell in these new pleasures, if wee thriue,  
Hee now hath but a paire of dayes to liue.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Florio, Donado, Richardetto, Poggio and Officers.*

*Flo.* 'Tis bootlesse now to shew your selfe a child



*'Tis pittie, hee's a Whoore.*

*Signior Donado*, what is done, is done;  
Spend not the time in teares, but seeke for Iustice.

*Richard*. I must confesse, somewhat I was in fault,  
That had not first acquainted you what loue  
Past twixt him and my Neece, but as I liue,  
His Fortune grieues me as it were mine owne.

*Do*. Ala poore Creature, he ment no man harme,  
That I am sure of.

*Flo*. I beleue that too;  
But stay my Maisters, are you sure you saw  
The Murtherer passe here?

*Offic*. And it please you sir, wee are sure wee saw a Ruffian  
with a naked weapon in his hand all bloody, get into my Lord  
Cardinals Graces gate, that wee are sure of; but for feare of his  
Grace (blesses vs) we durst goe no further.

*Do*. Know you what manner of man hee was?

*Offic*. Yes sure I know the man, they say a is a souldier, hee  
that lou'd your daughter Sir an't please y'ee, 'twas hee for cer-  
taine.

*Flo*. *Grimaldi* on my life.

*Offic*. I, I, the same.

*Richard*. The Cardisall is Noble, he no doubt  
Will giue true Iustice.

*Do*. Knocke some one at the gate,

*Pog*. Ile knocke sir.

*Poggio knocks.*

*Servant within*. What would 'ee?

*Flo*. Wee require speech with the Lord Cardinall  
About some present businesse, pray informe  
His Grace, that we are here.

*Enter Cardinall and Grimaldi.*

*Car*. Why how now friends? what sawcy mates are  
That know nor duty nor Ciuillity? (you  
Are we a person fit to be your host?  
Or is our house become your common Inne  
To beate our dores at pleasure? what such haste  
Is yours as that it cannot waite fit times?

Are

*'Tis pittie shée a Whore.*

Are you the Maisters of this Common-wealth,  
And know no more discretion? oh your newes  
Is here before you, you haue lost a Nephew  
*Donado*, last night by *Grimaldi* slaine:  
Is that your businesse? well sir, we haue knowledge on't.  
Let that suffice.

*Gri.* In presence of your Grace,  
In thought I neuer ment *Bergetto* harme,  
But *Florio* you can tell, with how much scorne  
*Soranzo* backt with his Confederates,  
Hath often wrong'd mee; I to be reueng'd,  
(For that I could not win him else to fight)  
Had thought by way of Ambush to haue kild him,  
But was vnluckely, therein mistooke;  
Else hee had felt what late *Bergetto* did:  
And though my fault to him were meerely chance,  
Yet humbly I submit me to your Grace,  
To doe with mee as you please.

*Car.* Rise vp *Grimaldi*,  
You Cittizens of *Parma*, if you seeke  
For Iustice; Know as *Nuntio* from the Pope,  
For this offence I here receiue *Grimaldi*  
Into his holinesse protection.  
Hee is no Common man, but nobly borne;  
Of Princes blood, though you Sir *Florio*,  
Thought him to meane a husband for your daughter  
If more you seeke for, you must goe to *Rome*,  
For hee shall thither; learne more wit for shame.  
Bury your dead---away *Grimaldi*---leau'e 'em. *Ex. Car. & Gri.*

*Do.* Is this a Church-mans voyce? dwels Iustice here?

*Flo.* Iustice is fledd to Heauen and comes no neerer  
*Soranzo*, was't for him? O Impudence!  
Had he the face to speake it, and not blush?  
Come, come *Donado*, there's no helpe in this,  
When *Cardinals* thinke murder's not amisse,  
Great men may doe there wills, we must obey,  
But Heauen will iudge them for't another day.



## Actus Quartus.

A Banquet.

Hoboyes.

*Enter the Fryar, Giouanni, Annabella, Philotis, Soranzo, Donado, Florio, Richardetto, Putana and Vasques.*

*Fy.* **T**Hese holy rights perform'd, now take your times,  
To spend the remnant of the day in Feast;  
Such fit repasts are pleasing to the Saints  
Who are your guests, though not with mortall eyes  
To be beheld; long prosper in this day  
You happy Couple, to each others ioy:

*Soran.* Father, your prayer is heard, the hand of goodnesse  
Hath beene a sheild for me against my death;  
And more to blesse me, hath enricht my life  
With this most precious lewell; such a prize  
As Earth hath not another like to this.  
Cheere vp my Loue, and Gentlemen, my Friends,  
Reioyce with mee in mirth, this day wee'le crowne  
With lusty Cups to *Annabella's* health.

*Gio.* Oh Torture, were the marriage yet undone, *Aside.*  
Ere I'de endure this sight, to see my Loue  
Clipt by another, I would dare Confusion,  
And stand the horrour of ten thousand deaths.

*Vas.* Are you not well Sir?

*Gio.* Prethee fellow wayte,  
I neede not thy officious diligence.

*Flo.* Signior Donado, come you must forget  
Your late mishaps, and drowne your cares in wine.

*So an. Vasques?*

*Vas.* My Lord.

*Soran.* Reach me that weighty bowle,  
Here brother Giouanni, here's to you,

Your

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,*

Your turne comes next, though now a Batchelour,  
Here's to your sisters happinesse and mine.

*Gio.* I cannot drinke.

*Sorax.* What?

*Gio.* 'Twill indeede offend me.

*Anna.* Pray, doe not vrge him if hee be not willing.

*Flo.* How now, what noyse is this?

*Vas.* O sir, I had forgot to tell you; certaine youg Maidens  
of *Parma* in honour to Madam *Annabella's* marriage, haue sent  
their loues to her in a Masque, for which they humbly craue  
your patience and silence.

*Sorax.* Wee are much bound to them, so much the more as  
it comes vnexpected; guide them in.

*Hoboyes.*

*Enter Hippolita and Ladies in white Roabes with  
Garlands of Willowes.*

*Musicke and a Daunce.*

*Dance.*

*Sorax.* Thanks louely Virgins, now might wee but know  
To whom wee haue beene beholding for this loue,  
Wee shall acknowledge it.

*Hip.* Yes, you shall know,  
What thinke you now?

*Omnes Hippolita?*

*Hip.* 'Tis shee,  
Bee not amaz'd; nor blush young louely Bride,  
I come not to defraud you of your man,  
'Tis now no time to reckon vp the talke  
What *Parma* long hath rumour'd of vs both,  
Let rash report run on; the breath that vents it  
Will (like a bubble) breake it selfe at last:  
But now to you *Sweet Creature*, lend's your hand,  
Perhaps it hath beene said, that I would claime  
Some interest in *Soranzo*, now your Lord,  
What I haue right to doe, his soule knowes best:  
But in my duty to your Noble worth,  
Sweete *Annabella*, and my care of you,



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whore.*

*Soranzo*, take this hand from me,  
Ple once more ioyne, what by the holy Church  
Is finish't and allow'd ; haue I done well ?

*Soran.* You haue too much ingag'd vs.

*Hip.* One thing more  
That you may know my single charity,  
Freely I here remit all interest  
I ere could clayme ; and giue you backe your vowes,  
And to confirm't, reach me a Cup of wine  
My Lord *Soranzo*, in this draught I drinke,  
Long rest t'ee ——— looke to it *Vasques*.

*Vas.* Feare nothing —

*He giues her a poysond Cup.*

*Soran.* *Hippolita*, I thanke you, and will pledge (She drinks:  
This happy Vnion as another life,  
Wine there.

*Vas.* You shall haue none, neither shall you pledge her.

*Hip.* How !

*Vas.* Know now Mistresse shee deuill, your owne mischieuous  
Hath kild you, I must not marry you. (treachery

*Hip.* Villaine.

*Omnes.* What's the matter ?

*Vas.* Foolish woeman, thou art now like a Fire-brand, that  
hath kindled others and burnt thy selfe ; *Troppo sperar uiganna*,  
thy vaine hope hath deceiued thee, thou art but dead, if thou  
hast any grace, pray.

*Hip.* Monster.

*Vas.* Dye in charity for shame,  
This thing of malice, this woman had priuately corrupted mee  
with promise of malice, vnder this politique reconciliation to  
to poyson my Lord, whiles shee might laugh at his Confusion  
on his marriage-day ; I promis'd her faire, but I knew what my  
reward should haue beene, and would willingly haue spar'd her  
life, but that I was acquainted with the danger of her dispositi-  
on, and now haue fitted her a iust payment in her owne coyne,  
there shee is, shee hath yet ——— and end thy dayes in  
peace vild woman, as for life there's no hope, thinke not on't.

*Omnes.* Wonderfull Iustice !

*Richard.*

*'Tispitty shee's a Whoore.*

*Richard.* Heauen thou art righteous.

*Hip.* O 'tis true,

I feele my minute comming, had that slaue  
Kept promise, (o my torment) thou this houre  
Had'st dyed *Soranzo*---heate aboue hell fire---  
Yet ere I passe away-----Cruell, cruell flames---  
Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed  
Of marriage be a racke vnto thy heart,  
Burne blood and boyle in Vengeance----o my heart,  
My Flame's intolerable-----maist thou liue  
To father Bastards, may her wombe bring forth  
Monsters, and dye together in your sinnes  
Hated, scorn'd and vn pittied---oh---oh---

*Dyes.*

*Flo:* Was e're so vild a Creature?

*Richard.* Here's the end  
Of lust and pride. *Anna.* It is a fearefull sight.

*Soran. Vasques,* I know thee now a trusty seruant,  
And neuer will forget thee----come *My Lone,*  
Wee'le home, and thanke the Heauens for this escape,  
Father and Friends, wee must breake vp this mirth,  
It is too sad a Feast.

*Do.* Beare hence the body.

*Fry.* Here's an ominous change,  
Marke this my *Gionani*, and take heed,  
I feare the euent; that marriage seldome's good,  
Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Richardetto and Philotis.*

*Richard.* My wretched wife more wretched in her shame  
Then in her wrongs to me, hath hath paid too soone  
The forfeit of her modesty and life.

And I am sure (my Neece) though vengeance houer,  
Keeping aloofe yet from *Soranzo's* fall,  
Yet hee will fall, and sinke with his owne weight.  
I need not (now my heart perswades me so)

To further his confusion; there is one  
Aboue begins to worke, for as I heare,  
Debate's already twixt his wife and him,

Thicken



*'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.*

Thicken and run to head ; shée (as 'tis sayd)  
Sleightens his loue, and he abandons hers  
Much talke I heare, since things goe thus (my Neece)  
In tender loue and pittie of your youth,  
My counsell is, that you should free your yeeres  
From hazard of these woes ; by flying hence  
To faire *Cremona*, there to vow your soule  
In holinesse a holy Votaresse,  
Leaue me to see the end of these extreames ;  
All humane worldly courses are vneuen,  
No life is blessed but the way to Heauen.

*Phi.* Vnkle, shall I resolute to be a Nun ?

*Richard.* I gentle Neece, and in your houely prayers  
Remember me your poore vnhappy Vnkle ;  
Hie to *Cremona* now, as Fortune leades,  
Your home, your cloyster, your best Friends, your beades,  
Your chaste and single life shall crowne your Birth,  
Who dyes a Virgine, liue a Saint on earth.

*Phi.* Then farwell world, and worldly thoughts adieu,  
Welcome chaste vowes, my selfe I yeeld to you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Soranzo vnbrac't, and Annabella dragg'd in.*

*Soran.* Come strumpet, famous whoore, were euery drop  
Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veynes  
A life, this Sword, (dost see't) should in one blowe  
Confound them all, Harlot, rare, notable Harlot,  
That with thy brazen face maintainst thy sinne  
Was there no man in *Farma* to be bawd  
To your loose cunning whoredome else but I ?  
Must your hot ytch and plurisie of lust,  
The heyday of your luxury be fedd  
Vp to a surfeite, and could none but I  
Be pickt out to be cloake to your close tricks,  
Your belly-sports ? Now I must be the Dad  
To all that gallimaufrey that's stuff  
In thy Corrupted bastard-bearing wombe,

Say,

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

Shey, must I?

*Anna.* Beastly man, why 'tis thy fate :  
I sued not to thee, for, but that I thought  
Your *Cuer-louing Lordship* would haue runne  
Madd on denyall, had yee lent me time,  
I would haue told 'ee in what case I was,  
But you would needes be doing.

*Soran.* Whore of whores !  
Dar'st thou tell mee this ?

*Anna.* O yes, why not ?  
You were deceia'd in mee ; 'twas not for loue  
I chose you, but for honour ; yet know this,  
Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame,  
I'de see whether I could loue you.

*Soran.* Excellent Queane !  
Why art thou not with Child ?

*Anna.* What needs all this,  
When 'tis superfluous ? I confesse I am.

*Soran.* Tell mee by whome.

*Anna.* Soft sir, 'twas not in my bargaine.  
Yet somewhat fir to stay your longing stomacke  
I'me content t'acquaint you with ; *The man,*  
The more then *Man* that got this sprightly Boy,  
(For 'tis a Boy that for glory sir,  
Your heyre shalbe a Sonne.)

*Soran.* Damnable Monster.

*Anna.* Nay and you will not heare, I'le speake no more.

*Soran.* Yes speake, and speake thy last.

*Anna.* A match, a match ;  
This *Noble Creature* was in euery part  
So angell-like, so glorious, that a woeman,  
Who had not beene but human as was I,  
Would haue kneel'd to him, and haue beg'd for loue.  
You, why you are not worthy once to name  
His name without true worship, or indeede,  
Vnlesse you kneel'd, to heare another name him.

*Soran.* What was hee cal'd ?

H

*Anna.*



*'Tis pittie shes a Whoore.*

*Anna.* Wee are not come to that,  
Let it suffice, that you shall haue the glory,  
To *Father* what so *Braue a Father* got.  
In brieft, had not this chance, false out as 't doth,  
I neuer had beene troubled with a thought  
That you had beene a *Creature*; but for marriage,  
I scarce dreame yet of that.

*Soran.* Tell me his name.

*Anna.* Alas, alas, there's all  
Will you beleue?

*Soran.* What?

*Anna.* You shall neuer know. *Soran.* How!

*Anna.* Neuer,  
If you doe, let mee be curst.

*Soran.* Not know it, Strumpet, I'le ripp vp thy heart,  
And finde it there.

*Anna.* Doe, doe.

*Soran.* And with my teeth,  
Teare the prodigious leacher joynt by ioynt.

*Anna.* Ha, ha, ha, the man's merry.

*Soran.* Do'st thou laugh?

Come *Where*, tell mee your loue, or by Truth  
I'le hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't

*Anna.* *Che morte plus dolce che morire per amore.* *sings.*

*Soran.* Thus will I pull thy hayre, and thus I'le drag  
Thy lust be-leaped body through the dust.  
Yet tell his name.

*Anna.* *No endo in gratia Lei morire senza dolore.* *sings*

*Soran.* Dost thou Triumph? the Treasure of the Earth  
Shall not redeeme thee, were there kneeling Kings,  
Did begge thy life, or Angells did come downe  
To plead in teares, yet should not all preuaile  
Against my rage; do'st thou not tremble yet?

*Anna.* At what? to dye; No, be a Gallant hang-man  
I dare thee to the worst, strike, and strike home,  
I leaue reuenge behind, and thou shalt feel't.

*Soran.*

*'Tis pittie shée a Whoore.*

*Soran.* Yet tell mee ere thou dyest, and tell mee truly,  
Knowes thy old Father this? *Anna.* No by my life.

*Soran.* Wilt thou confesse, and I will spare thy life?

*Anna.* My life? I will not buy my life so deare.

*Soran.* I will not slacke my Vengeance.

*Enter Vasques.*

*Vas.* What d'oe meane Sir?

*Soran.* Forbeare *Vasques*, such a damned *Whore*  
Deserues no pittie.

*Vas.* Now the gods forefend!

And wud you be her executioner, and kill her in your rage too?  
O'twere most vn-manlike; shée is your wife, what faults hath  
beene done by her before she married you, were not against you;  
alas *Poore Lady*, what hath she committed, which any Lady  
in *Italy* in the like case would not? Sir, you must be ru'd by  
your reason, and not by your fury, that were vnhumane and  
beastly.

*Soran.* Shee shall not liue.

*Vas.* Come shee must; you would haue her confesse the Au-  
thors of her present misfortunes I warrant'ee, 'tis an vnconscio-  
nable demand, and shee should loose the estimation that I (for  
my part) hold of her worth, if shee had done it; why sir you  
ought not of all men liuing to know it: good sir bee reconciled,  
alas good gentlewoman.

*Anna.* Pish, doe not beg for mee, I prize my life  
As nothing; if *The man* will needs bee madd,  
Why let him take it.

*Soran.* *Vasques*, hear'st thou this?

*Vas.* Yes, and commend her for it; in this shee shews the no-  
bleness of a gallant spirit, and beshrew my heart, but it becomes  
her rarely----- Sir, in any case smother your reuenge; leaue  
the senting out your wrongs to mee, bee rul'd as you respect  
hour honour, or you marr all--- Sir, if euer my seruice were of  
any Credit with you, be not so violent in your distractions: you  
are married now; what a triumph might the report of this giue  
to other neglected Sutors, 'tis as manlike to beare extremities,  
as godlike to forgiue.



*'Tis pittie shes a Whore.*

*Soran.* O *Vasques*, *Vasques*, in this peece of flesh,  
This faithlesse face of hers, had I layd vp  
The treasure of my heart; hadst thou beene vertuous  
(Faire wicked woeman) not the matchlesse ioyes  
Of Life it selfe had made mee wish to liue  
With any Saint but thee; *Deceitfull Creature*,  
How hast thou mock't my hopes, and in the shame  
Of thy lewd wombe, euen buried mee aliue?  
I did too dearely loue thee.

*Vas.* This is well;  
Follow this temper with some passion,  
Bee briefe and mouing, 'tis for the purpose.

*Aside.*

*Soran.* Be witnesse to my words thy soule and thoughts,  
And tell mee didst not thinke that in my heart,  
I did too superstitiously adore thee.

*Anna.* I must confesse, I know you lou'd mee well.

*Soran.* And wouldst thou vse mee thus? O *Annabella*,  
Bee thus assur'd, whatsoe're the Villaine was,  
That thus hath tempted thee to *This disgrace*,  
Well hee might lust, but neuer lou'd like mee:  
Hee doated on the picture that hung out  
Vpon thy cheekes, to please his humourous eye;  
Not on the part I lou'd, which was thy heart,  
And as I thought, thy Vertues.

*Anna.* O my Lord!  
These words wound deeper then your Sword could do.

*Vas.* Let mee not euer take comfort, but I begin to weepe my  
selfe, so much I pittie him; why *Madam* I knew when his rage  
was ouer-past, what it would come to.

*Soran.* Forgiue mee *Annabella*, though thy youth  
Hath tempted thee aboue thy strength to folly,  
Yet will not I forget what I should bee,  
And what I am, a husband; in that name  
Is hid Deuinity; if I doe finde  
That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit  
all former faults, and take thee to my bosome.

*Vas.* By my troth, and that's a poynt of noble charity.

*Anna.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whore,*

*Anna.* Sir on my knees —

*Soran.* Rise vp, you shall not kneele,  
Get you to your chamber, see you make no shew  
Of alteration, I le be with you streight ; -  
My reason tells mee now, that *'Tis as common*  
*To erre in frailty as to bee a woeman.*

Goe to your chamber.

*Exit Anna.*

*Vas.* So, this was somewhat to the matter; what doe you  
thinke of your heauen of happinesse now sir ?

*Soran.* I carry hell about mee, all my blood  
Is fir'd in swift reuenge.

*Vas.* That may bee, but know yoo how, or on whom ? alas,  
to marry a great woeman, being made great in the stocke to your  
hand, is a vsuall sport in these dayes ; but to know what *Secret*  
it was that haunted your *Cunny-berry*, there's the cunning.

*Soran.* I'le make her tell her selfe, or---

*Vas.* Or what ? you must not doe so, let me yet perswade your  
sufferance a little while; goe to her, vse her mildly, winne her if  
it be possible to a Voluntary, to a weeping tune; for the rest, if  
all hitt, I will not misse my marke; pray sir goe on, the next news  
I tell you shall be wonders.

*Soran.* Delay in vengeance giues a heatyer blow. *Exit.*

*Vas.* Ah sirrah, here's worke for the nonce; I had a suspici-  
on of a bad matter in my head a pretty whiles agoe; but after *My*  
*Madams* scuruy lookes here at home, her waspish peruersnesse,  
and loud fault-finding, then I remembred the Prouerbe, that  
*where Hens crowe, and Cocks hold their peace, there are sorry*  
*houses*; sfoot, if the lower parts of a *Shee-taylors Cunning*, can  
couer such a swelling in the stomacke, I'le neuer blame a false  
stitch in a shoe whiles I liue againe; vp and vp so quicke? and so  
quickly too? 'twere a fine policy to learue by whom this must  
be knowne: and I haue thought on't-----here's the way or  
none---- what crying old Mistresse! alas, alas, I cannot blame  
'ee, wee haue a Lord, Heauen helpe vs, is so madde as the devill  
him selfe, the more shame for him.

*Enter Putana.*

*Put.* O *Vasques*, that euer I was borne to see this day,



*'Tis pittie shes a Whoore.*

Doth hee vse thee so too, sometimes *Vasques*?

*Vas.* Mee? why hee makes a dogge of mee; but if some were of my minde, I know what wee would doe; as sure as I am an honest man, hee will goe neere to kill my Lady with unkindnesse; say shee be with-child, is that such a matter for a young woeman of her yeeres, to be blam'd for?

*Put.* Alas good heart, it is against her will full fore.

*Vas.* I durst be sworne, all his madnesse is, for that shee will not confesse whose 'tis, which hee will know, and when he doth know it, I am so well acquainted with his humour, that hee will forget all streight; well I could wish, shee would in plaine termes tell all, for that's the way indeed.

*Put.* Doe you thinke so?

*Vas.* Fo, I know't; provided that hee did not winne her to't by force, hee was once in a mind, that you could tell, and ment to haue wiung it out of you, but I somewhat pacified him for that; yet sure you know a great deale.

*Put.* Heauen forgie vs all, I know a little *Vasques*.

*Vas.* Why should you not? who else should? vpon my Conscience shee loues you dearely, and you would not betray her to any affliction for the world.

*Put.* Not for all the world by my Faith and troth *Vasques*.

*Vas.* 'Twere pittie of your life if you should, but *In this* you should both releiue her present discomforts, pacifie my Lord, and gaine your selfe euerlasting loue and preferment.

*Put.* Do'st thinke so *Vasques*?

*Vas.* Nay I know't; sure 'twas some neere and entire friend.

*Put.* 'Twas a deare friend indeed; but-----

*Vas.* But what? feare not to name him; my life betweene you and danger; faith I thinke 'twas no base Fellow.

*Put.* Thou wilt stand betweene mee and harme.?

*Vas.* V'ds pittie, what else; you shalbe rewarded too; trust me.

*Put.* 'Twas euen no worse then her owne brother.

*Vas.* Her brother *Gionanni* I warrant 'ee?

*Put.* Euen hee *Vasques*; as braue a Gentleman as euer kist faire Lady; O thev loue most perpetually.

*Vas.* A braue Gentleman indeed; why therein I Commend her

*'Tis pitty ſhee's a Whoore.*

her choyce---better and better-----you are ſure 'twas hee?

*Put.* Sure; and you ſhall ſee hee will not be long from her too.

*Vas.* He were to blame if he would: but may I beleue thee?

*Put.* Beleue mee! why doſt thinke I am a Turke or a Iew?  
*no Vasques,* I haue knowne their dealings too long to belye them now.

*Vas.* Where are you? there within ſirs?

*Enter Bandetti.*

*Put.* How now, what are theſe?

*Vas.* You ſhall know preſently;  
Come ſirs, take mee *This old Damnable hagge,*  
Gag her inſtantly, and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly.

*Put.* *Vasques, Vasques.*

*Vas.* Gag her I ſay, ſfoot d ee ſuffer her to prate? what d'ee fumble about? let mee come to her, I'll helpe your old gums, you Toad-bellied bitch; ſirs, carry her cloſely into the Coale-houſe, and put out her eyes inſtantly, if ſhee roares, ſtitt her noſe; d'ee heare, bee ſpeedy and ſure. Why this is excellent and aboue expectation.

*Exit with Putana.*

Her owne brother? O horrible! to what a height of liberty in damnation hath the Deuill trayn'd our age, her Brother, well; there's yet but a beginning, I muſt to my Lord, and tutor him better in his points of vengeance; now I ſee how a ſmooth tale goes beyond a ſmooth tayle, but ſoft,---  
what thing comes next?

*Enter Giouanni.*

*Giouanni*! as I would wiſh; my beleefe is ſtrengthened,  
'Tis as firme as Winter and Summer.

*Gio* Where's my Siſter?

*Vas.* Troubled with a new ſicknes my Lord, ſhe's ſomewhat ill.

*Gio.* Took too much of the fleſh I beleue.

*Vas.* Troth ſir and you I thinke haue e'ne hitt it,  
But *My vertuous Lady.*

*Gio.* Where's ſhee?

*Vas.* In her chamber; pleaſe you viſit her; ſhe is alone, your liberality hath doubly made me your ſeruant, and euer ſhal euer--- *Exit Gio.*  
Sir, I am made a man, I haue plyed my Cue with cunning *Enter So-*  
and ranzo.



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

and successe, I beseech you let's be priuate.

*Soran*, My Ladyes brother's come, now hee'le know all.

*Vas*. Let him know't, I haue made some of them fast enough,  
How haue you delt with my Lady?

*Soran*- Gently, as thou hast counsaill'd; O my soule  
Runs circular in sorrow for reuenge,  
But *Vasques*, thou shalt know----

*Vas*. Nay, I will know no more; for now comes your turne  
to know; I would not talke so openly with you: Let my young  
Maister take time enough, and goe at pleasure; hee is sold to  
death, and the Deuill shall not ransome him, Sir I beseech you,  
your priuacy.

*Soran*. No Conquest can gayne glory of my feare. *Exit.*

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## *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Annabella above.*

*Anna*. Pleasures farwell, and all yee thriftlesse minutes,  
Wherein *False ioyes* haue spun a weary life,  
To these my Fortunes now I take my leaue:  
Thou *Precious Time*, that swiftly rid'st in poast  
Ouer the world, to finish vp the race  
Of my last fate; here stay thy restlessse course,  
And beare to Ages that are yet vnborne,  
A wretched woefull woemans *Tragedy*,  
My Conscience now stands vp against my lust  
With dispositions charactred in guilt,  
And tells mee I am lost: Now I confesse,  
*Beauty that cloathes the out-side of the face,*  
*Is curs'd if it be not cloath'd with grace:*  
Here like a Turtle (mew'd vp in a Cage)  
Vn-mated, I conuerse with Ayre and walls,  
And descant on my vild unhappinesse.  
O *Gionanni*, that hast had the spoyle

*Enter Fryar.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whore.*

Of thine owne vertues and my modest fame,  
Would thou hadst beene lesse subiect to those Stars  
That luckelesse Iaign'd at my Natiuity :  
O would the scourge due to my blacke offence  
Might passe from thee, that *I alone* might feele  
The torment of an vncontrouled flame.

*Fry.* What's this I heare?

*Anna.* That man, that *Blessed Fryar*,  
Who ioynd in Ceremonia'l knot my hand  
To him whose wife I now am; told mee oft,  
I troad the path to death, and shewed mee how.  
*But they who sleepe in Lethargies of Lust*  
*Hugge their confusion, making Heauen vniust,*  
And so did I.

*Fry.* Here's Musicke to the soule.

*Anna.* Forgiue mee my *Good Genius*, and this once  
Be helpfull to my ends; Let some good man  
Passe this way, to whose trust I may commit  
This paper double lin'd with teares and blood :  
Which being granted; here I sadly vow  
Repentance, and a leauing of that life  
I long haue dyed in.

*Fry.* Lady, Heauen hath heard you,  
And hath by prouidence ordain'd, that I  
should be his Minister for your behoofe.

*Anna.* Ha, what are you?

*Fry.* Your brothers friend the Fryar;  
Glad in my soule that I haue liu'd to heare  
This free confession twixt your peace and you,  
What would you or to whom? feare not to speake.

*Anna.* Is Heauen so bountifull? then I haue found  
More fauour then I hop'd; here *Holy man*—— *Throwes a letter.*  
Commend mee to my Brother, giue him that,  
That Letter; bid him read it and repent,  
Tell him that I (imprison'd in my chamber,  
Bard of all company, euen of *My Guardian*,  
Who giues me cause of much suspect) haue time



*'Tis pittie thee's a Whoore.*

To blush at what hath past : bidd him be wise,  
And not beleue the Friendship of my Lord,  
I feare much more then I can speake; *Good father,*  
The place is dangerous, and spies are busie,  
I must breake off ——— you'le doe't?

*Fry.* Be sure I will;  
And fly with speede ——— my blessing euer rest  
With thee my daughter, liue to dye more blessed. *Exit Fry.*

*Anna.* Thanks to the heauens, who haue prolong'd my breath  
To this good vse : Now I can welcome Death. *Exit.*

*Enter Soranzo and Vasques.*

*Vas.* Am I to be beleeu'd now?

First, marry a strumpet that cast her selfe away vpon you but to  
laugh at your hornes? to feast on your disgrace, riott in your vex-  
ations, cuckold you in your bride-bed, waste your estate vpon  
Panders and Bawds?

*Soran.* No more, I say no more.

*Vas.* *A Cuckold is a goodly tame beast my Lord.*

*Soran.* I am resolu'd; vrge not another word,  
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute  
As thunder; in meane time I'le cause our Lady  
To decke her selfe in all her bridall Robes;  
Kisse her, and fold her gently in my armes,  
Begone; yet heare you, are the *Bandetti* ready  
To waite in Ambush?

*Vas.* Good Sir, trouble not your selfe about other busines, then  
your owne resolution; remember that time lost cannot be recal'd.

*Soran.* With all the cunning words thou canst, inuite  
The States of *Parma* to my Birth-dayes feast,  
Haste to my *Brother rinall* and his Father,  
Entreate them gently, bidd them not to fayle,  
Bee speedy and returne.

*Vas.* Let not your pittie betray you, till my comming backe,  
Thinke vpon *Incest* and *Cuckoldry*.

*Soran.* Reuenge is all the Ambition I aspire,  
To that I'le cline or fall; my blood's on fire.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*'Tis pittie Shée's a Whoore.*

*Enter Giouanni.*

*Gio.* *Busie opinion* is an idle Foole,  
That as a Schoole-rod keepes a child in awe,  
Frights the vnexperienc't temper of the mind :  
So did it mee ; who ere *My precious Sister*  
Was married, thought all tast of loue would dye  
In such a Contract ; but I finde no change  
Of pleasure in this formall law of sports.  
Shée is still one to mee, and euery kisse  
As sweet, and as delicious as the first  
I reap't ; when yet the priuiledge of youth  
Intitld her a *Virgine* . O the glory  
Of two vnited hearts like hers and mine !  
Let *Poising booke-men* dreame of other worlds,  
My world, and all of happinesse is here,  
And I'de not change it for the best to come,  
*A life of pleasure is Elyzeum.*

*Enter Fryar*

Father, you enter on the *Iubile*  
Of my retyr'd delights ; Now I can tell you,  
The hell you oft haue prompted, is nought else  
But flauish and fond superstitious feare ;  
And I could proue it too——

*Fry.* Thy blindnesse slayes thee,  
Looke there, 'tis writt to thee.

*Gines the  
Letter.*

*Gio.* From whom ?

*Fry.* Vnrip the seales and see :  
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon  
Be frozen harder then congeal'd Corral.  
Why d'ee change colour sonne ?

*Gio.* Fore Heauen you make  
Some petty Deuill factor 'twixt my loue  
And your relligion-masked forceries.  
Where had you this ?

*Fry.* Thy Conscience youth is fear'd,  
Else thou wouldst stoope to warning.

*Gio.* 'Tis her hand,



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whore.*

I know't ; and 'tis all written in her blood.  
She writes I know not what ; Death ? I'le not feare  
An armed thunder-bolt aym'd at my heart.  
Shee writes wee are discovered, pox on dreames  
Oflowe faint-hearted Cowardise ; discovered ?  
The Deuill wee are ; which way is't possible ?  
Are wee growne Traytours to our owne delights ?  
Confusion take such dotage, 'tis but forg'd,  
This is your peeuish chattering weake old man,  
Now sir, what newes bring you ?

*Enter Vasques.*

*Vas.* My Lord, according to his yearely custome keeping this  
day a Feast in honour of his Birth-day, by mee, inuites you thi-  
ther ; your worthy Father with the Popes reuerend *Nuntio*, and  
other Magnifico's of *Parma*, haue promis'd their presence, wile  
please you to be of the number ?

*Gio.* Yes, tell them I dare come.

*Vas.* Dare come ?

*Gio.* So I sayd ; and tell him more I will come.

*Vas.* These words are strange to mee.

*Gio.* Say I will come.

*Vas.* You will not misse ?

*Gio.* Yet more, I'le come ; sir, are you answer'd ?

*Vas.* So I'le say — my seruice to you.

*Exit Vas.*

*Fry.* You will not goe I trust.

*Gio.* Not goe ? for what ?

*Fry.* O doe not goe, this feast (I'le gage my life)

Is but a plot to trayne you to your ruine,

Be rul'd, you sha'not goe.

*Gio.* Not goe ? stood Death

Threatning his armies of confounding plagues,

With hoasts of dangers hot as blazing Starrs,

I would be there ; not goe ? yes and resolute

To strike as deepe in slaughter as they all.

For I will goe.

*Fry.* Goe where thou wilt, I see

The Wildnesse of thy Fate drawes to an end,

To a bad fearefull end; I must not stay  
To know thy fall, backe to *Bonoria* I  
With speed will haste, and shun this comming blowe.  
*Parma* farwell, wou'd I had neuer knowne thee,  
Or ought of thine; well *Youngman*, I need no prayer.  
Can make thee safe, I leaue thee to despayre.

*Exit Fry.*

Despaire or tortures of a thousand hells  
All's one to mee; I haue set vp my rest.  
*Now, now*, worke serious thoughts on banefull plots,  
Be all a man my soule; let not the Curse  
Of old prescription rent from mee the gall  
Of Courage, which inrolls a glorious death.  
If I must totter like a well-growne Oake,  
Some vnder shrubs shall in my weighty fall  
Be crusht to splitts: with me they all shall perish.

*Exit.*

*Enter Soranzo, Vasques, and Bandetti.*

*Soran.* You will not fayle, or shrinke in the attempt?

*Vas.* I will vndertake for their parts; be sure my Maisters to  
be bloody enough, and as vnmercifull, as if you were praying  
vpon a rich booty on the very Mountaines of *Liguria*; for your  
pardons trust to my Lord; but for reward you shall trust none  
but your owne pockets.

*Ban. omnes.* Wee'le make a murther.

*Soran.* Here's gold, here's more; want nothing, what you do  
is noble, and an act of braue reuenge.

I'le make yee rich *Bandetti* and all Free.

*Omnes.* Liberty, liberty.

*Vas.* Hold, take euery man a Vizard; when yee are with-  
drawne, keepe as much silence as you can possibly; you know  
the watch-word, till which be spoken, moue not, but when you  
heare *that*, rush in like a stormy-flood; I neede not instruct yee  
in your owne profession.

*Omnes.* No, no, no.

*Vas.* In then, your ends are profit and preferment---away.

*Exit Ban  
detti.*

*Soran.* The guests will all come *Vasques*?

*Vas.* Yes sir,



*'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.*

and now let me a little edge your resolution ;  
you see nothing is vnready to this *Great worke*, but a great mind  
in you : Call to your remembrance your disgraces, your losse of  
Honour, *Hippolita's* blood; and arme your courage in your owne  
wrongs, so shall you best right those wrongs in vengeance  
which you may truely call *Your owne*.

*Soran.* 'Tis well; the lesse I speake, the more I burne,  
and blood shall quench that flame.

*Vas.* Now you begin to turne Italian, this beside, when my  
young *Incest-monger* comes, hee wilbe sharpe set on his old bitt :  
giue him time enough, let him haue your Chamber and bed at li-  
berty ; let my *Hot Hare* haue law ere he be hunted to his death,  
that if it be possible, hee may; poast to Hell in the very Act of his  
damnation.

*Enter Gio-  
anni.*

*Soran.* It shall be so; and see as wee would wish,  
Hee comes himselfe first ; welcome my *Much-lou'd brother*,  
Now I percciue you honour me ; y'are welcome,  
But where's my father ?

*Gio.* With the other States,  
Attending on the *Nuntio* of the Pope  
To waite vpon him hither ; how's my sister ?

*Soran.* Like a good hufwife, scarcely ready yet,  
Y'are best walke to her chamber.

*Gio.* If you will.

*Soran.* I must expect my honourable Friends,  
Good brother get her forth.

*Gio.* You are busie Sir.

*Exit Giouanni.*

*Vas.* Euen as the great Deuill himselfe would haue it, let him  
goe and glut himselfe in his owne destruction ; harke, the *Nuncio*  
is at hand; good sir be ready to receiue him.

*orish.*

*Enter Cardinall, Florio, Donado, Richardetto and Attendants.*

*Soran.* Most reuerend Lord, this grace hath made me proud,  
That you vouchsafe my house ; I euer rest  
Your humble seruant for this Noble Favour.

*Car.* You are our Friend my Lord, his holinesse

Shall

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

Shall vnderstand, how zealously you honour  
*Saint Peters Vicar* in his substitute  
Our speciall loue to you.

*Soran.* Signiors to you  
My welcome, and my euer best of thanks  
For this so memorable courtesie,  
Pleaseth your Grace to walke neere?

*Car.* My Lord, wee come  
To celebrate your Feast with Ciuill mirth,  
As ancient custome teacheth: wee will goe.

*Soran.* Attend his grace there, Signiors keepe your way. *Exeunt*

*Enter Giouahni and Annabella lying on a bed.*

*Gio.* What chang'd so soone? hath your new sprightly Lord  
Found out a tricke in night-games more then wee  
Could know in our simplicity? ha! is't so?  
Or does the fitt come on you, to proue treacherous  
To your past vowes and oathes?

*Anna.* Why should you ieaft  
At my Calamity, without all sence  
Of the approaching dangers you are in?

*Gio.* What danger's halfe so great as thy reuolt?  
Then art a faithlesse sister, else thou know'st,  
Malice, or any treachery beside  
Would stoope to my bent-browes; why I hold Fate  
Clasp't in my fist, and could Command the Course  
Of times eternall motion; hadst thou beene  
One thought more steddly then an ebbing Sea.  
And what? you'le now be honest, that's resolu'd?

*Anna.* Brother, deare brother, know what I haue beene,  
And know that now there's but a dyning time  
Twixt vs and our Confusion: let's not waste  
These precious houres in vayne and vselesse speeche.  
Alas, these gay attyres were not put on  
But to some end; this suddaine solemne Feast  
Was not ordayn'd to riott in expence;



*'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.*

I that haue now beene chambr'd here alone,  
Bard of my Guardian, or of any else,  
Am not for nothing at an instant free'd  
To fresh accesle; be not deceiu'd *My Brother,*  
This Banquet is an harbinger of Death  
To you and mee, resolute your selfe it is,  
And be prepar'd to welcome it.

*Gio.* Well then,  
The *Schoole-men* teach that all this *Globe of earth*  
Shalbe consum'd to ashes in a minute.

*Anna.* So I haue read too.

*Gio.* But 'twere somewhat strange  
To see the Waters burne, could I beleue  
This might be true, I could beleue as well  
There might be hell or Heauen.

*Anna.* That's most certaine.

*Gio.* A dreame, a dreame; else in this other world  
Wee should know one another.

*Anna.* So wee shall.

*Gio.* Haue you heard so?

*Anna.* For certaine.

*Gio.* But d'ee thinke,  
That I shall see you there,  
You looke on mee,  
May wee kisse one another,  
Prate or laugh,  
Or doe as wee doe here?

*Anna.* I know not that,  
But good for the present, what d'ee meane  
To free your selfe from danger? some way, thinke  
How to escape; I'me sure the guests are come.

*Gio.* Looke vp, looke here; what see you in my face?

*Anna.* Distraction and a troubled Countenance.

*Gio.* Death and a swift repining wrath---yet looke,  
What see you in mine eyes?

*Anna.* Methinkes you weepe.

*Gio.* I doe indeede; these are the funerall teares

Shedd

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

Shed on your graue, these furrowed vp my cheekes  
When first I lou'd and knew not how to woe.  
Faيرة *Annabella*, should I here repeate  
The Story of my life, wee might loose time.  
Be record all the spirits of the Ayre,  
And all things else that are; that Day and Night;  
Earely and late, the tribute which my heart  
Hath paid to *Annabella's* sacred loue,  
Hath been *these teares*, which are *her mourners now*;  
Neuer till now did Nature doe her best,  
To shew a *matchlesse beauty* to the world,  
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seene,  
The jealous Destinies require againe.  
Pray *Annabella*, pray; since wee must part,  
Goe thou white in thy soule, to fill a Throne  
Of Innocence and Sanctity in Heauen.  
Pray, pray my Sister.

*Anna*. Then I see your drift,  
Yee blessed Angels, guard mee.

*Gio*. So say I,  
Kisse mee; if euer after times should heare  
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps  
The Lawes of Conscience and of *Ciwill use*  
May iustly blame vs, yet when they but know  
Our loues, *That loue* will wipe away that rigour,  
Which would in other *Incests* bee abhorr'd.  
Giue mee your hand; how sweetely Life doth runne  
In these well coloured veines! how constantly  
These Palmes doe promise health! but I could chide  
With Nature for this Cunning flattery,  
Kisse mee againe———torgiue mee.

*Anna*. With my heart.

*Gio*. Farwell.

*Anna*. Will you begone?

*Gio*. Be darke bright Sunne,  
And make this mid-dey night, that thy guilt rayes  
May not behold a deed, will turne their splendour



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

More footy, then the *Poets* faigne their *Stix*.  
One other kisse my Sister.

*Anna*. What meanes this ?

*Gio*. To saue thy fame and kill thee in a kisse.

*stabs her.*

Thus dye, and dye by mee, and by my hand,  
*Revenge is mine; Honour doth loue Command.*

*Anna*. Oh brother by your hand ?

*Gio*. When thou art dead  
I'le giue my reasons for't; for to dispute  
With thy (euen in thy death) most louely beauty;  
Would make mee stagger to performe *this act*  
Which I most glory in.

*Anna*. Forgiue him Heauen---and me my finnes; farwell.  
Brother vnkind, vnkind---mercy great Heauen---oh--oh. *Dyes.*

*Gio*. Shee's dead, alas good soule; *The haplesse Fruite*  
That in her wombe receiu'd its life from mee,  
Hath had from mee a *Cradle and a Graue*.

I must not dally, this sad Marriage-bed  
In all her best, bore her aliue and dead.

*Soranzo* thou hast mist thy ayme in this,  
I haue preuented now thy reaching plots,  
And kil'd a Loue, for whose each drop of blood  
I would haue pawn'd my heart; *Fayre Annabella*,  
How ouer-glorious art thou in thy wounds,  
Tryumphing ouer infamy and hate !

Shrinke not Couragious hand, stand vp my heart,  
And boldly act my last, and greater part. *Exit with the Body.*

*A Banquet.*

*Enter* Cardinall, Florio, Donado, Soranzo, Richardetto, Vasques and attendants; *They take their places.*

*Vas*. Remember Sir what you haue to do, be wise and resolute.

*Soran*. Enough--my heart is fix't, pleaseth Your Grace  
To taste these Course Confections; though the vse  
Of such set enterteynments more consists  
In Custome, then in Cause; yet *Reuerend Sir*,  
I am still made your seruant by your presence.

*Car*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Car.* And wee your Friend.

*Soran.* But where's my Brother *Giouanni*?

*Enter Giouanni with a heart vpon his Dagger.*

*Gio.* Here, here *Soranzo*; trim'd in reeking blood,  
That triumphs ouer death; proud in the spoyle  
Of *Loue* and *Vengeance*, Fate or all the Powers  
That guide the motions of Immortall Soules  
Could not preuent mee.

*Car.* What meanes this?

*Flo.* Sonne *Giouanni*?

*Soran.* Shall I be forestall'd?

*Gio.* Be not amaz'd: If your misgiuing hearts  
Shrinke at an idle sight; what bloodlesse Feare  
Of Coward passion would haue ceaz'd your fences,  
Had you beheld the *Rape of Life and Beauty*  
Which I haue acted? my sister, oh my sister.

*Flo.* Ha! What of her?

*Gio.* The Glory of my Deed  
Darkned the mid-day Sunne, made Noone as Night.  
You came to feast *My Lords* with dainty fare,  
I came to feast too, but I dig'd for food  
In a much richer Myne then Gold or Stone  
Of any value ballanc't; 'tis a *Heart*,  
A *Heart my Lords*, in which is mine intomb'd,  
Looke well vpon't; d'ee know't?

*Vas.* What strange riddle's this?

*Gio.* 'Tis *Annabella's Heart*, 'tis; why d'ee startle?  
I vow 'tis hers, this Daggers poynt plow'd vp  
Her fruitfull wombe, and left to mee the fame  
Of a most glorious executioner.

*Flo.* Why mad-man, art thy selfe?

*Gio.* Yes Father, and that times to come may know,  
How as my Fate I honoured my reuenge:  
List Father, to your eares I will yeeld vp  
How much I haue deseru'd to bee your Sonne.

*Flo.* What is't thou say'st?



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Gio.* Nine Moones haue had their changes,  
Since I first throughly view'd and truely lou'd  
*Your Daughter* and *my Sister*.

*Flo.* How ! alas my Lords, hee's a frantick mad-man !

*Gio.* Father no ;  
For nine Moneths space, in secret I enjoy'd  
Sweete *Annabelia's* sheetes ; Nine-Moneths I liu'd  
A happy Monarch of her heart and her,  
*Soranzo*, thou know'st this ; thy paler cheek  
Beares the Confounding print of thy disgrace,  
For her too fruitfull wombe too soone bewray'd  
The happy passage of our stolne delights,  
And made her Mother to a Child vnborne.

*Car.* Incestuous Villaine.

*Flo.* Oh his rage belyes him.

*Gio.* It does not, 'tis the Oracle of truth,  
I vow it is so.

*Soran.* I shall burst with fury,  
Bring the strumpet forth.

*Vas.* I shall Sir.

*Exit Vas.*

*Gio.* Doe sir, haue you all no faith  
To credit yet my Triumphs ? here I sweare  
By all that you call sacred, by the lone  
I bore my *Annabella* whilst she liu'd,  
These hands haue from her bosome ript this heart.  
Is't true or no sir ?

*Enter Vas.*

*Vas.* 'Tis most strangely true.

*Flo.* Cursed man—haue I liu'd to——

*Dyes.*

*Car.* Hold vp *Florio*,  
Monster of Children, see what thou hast done,  
Broake thy old Fathers heart ; is none of you  
Dares venter on him ?

*Gio.* Let 'em ; oh my Father,  
How well his death becomes him in his griefes !  
Why this was done with Courage ; now suruives  
None of our house but I, guilt in the blood  
Of a *Fayre sister* and a *Haplesse Father*.

*Soran.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,*

*Soran.* Inhamane scorne of men, hast thou a thought  
T'out liue thy murders?

*Gio.* Yes, I tell thee yes;  
For in my fists I beare the twists of life,  
*Soranzo*, see this heart which was thy wiues,  
Thus I exchange it royally for thine,  
And thus and thus, now braue reuenge is mine.

*Vas.* I cannot hold any longer; you sir, are you growne inso-  
lent in your butcheries? haue at you.

*Gio.* Come, I am arm'd to meete thee.

*Vas.* No, will it not be yet? if this will not, another shall,  
Not yet; I shall fitt you anon—

*Fight.*

*Vengeance.*

*Enter Bandetti.*

*Gio.* Welcome, come more of you what e're you be,  
I dare your worst——

Oh I can stand no longer, Feeble armes  
Haue you so soone lost strength.

*Vas.* Now you are welcome Sir,  
Away my Maisters, all is done,  
Shift for your selues, your reward is your owne,  
Shift for your selues.

*Ban.* Away, away.

*Exeunt Bandetti.*

*Vas.* How d'ee my Lord, see you this? how is't?

*Soran.* Dead; but in death well pleased, that I haue liu'd  
To see my wrongs reueng'd on that *Blacke Denill*.

O *Vasques*, to thy bosome let mee giue

My last of breath, let not that Lecher liue——ok

*Dyes.*

*Vas.* The Reward of peace and rest be with him,  
My euer dearest Lord and Maister.

*Gio.* Whose hand gaue mee this wound?

*Vas.* Mine Sir, I was your first man, haue you enough?

*Gio.* I thanke thee, thou hast done for me but what I would  
haue else done on my selfe, ar't sure thy Lord is dead?

*Vas.* Oh Impudent slaue, as sure as I am sure to see the dye.

*Car.* Thinke on thy life and end, and call for mercy.

*Gio.* Mercy? why I haue found it in this *Iustice*.

*Car.* Strine yet to cry to Heauen.



*'Tis pittie shee's a Who're.*

*Gio.* Oh I bleed fast,  
*Death*, thou art a guest long look't for, I embrace  
Thee and thy wounds ; oh my last minute comes.  
Wheree'er I goe, let mee enjoy this grace,  
Freely to view *My Annabella's face*.

*Dyes.*

*Do.* Strange Miracle of Iustice !

*Car.* Rayle vp the Citty, wee shall be murdered all.

*Vas.* You neede not feare, you shall not ; this strange taske being ended, I haue paid the Duty to the Sonne, which I haue vow'd to the Father.

*Car.* Speake wretched Villaine, what incarnate Feind  
Hath led thee on to this ?

*Vas.* Honesty, and pittie of my Maisters wrongs ; for know  
*My Lord*, I am by birth a Spaniard, brought forth my Countrey in my youth by Lord *Soranzo's* Father ; whom whilst he liued, I seru'd faithfully ; since whose death I haue beene to this man, as I was to him ; what I haue done was duty, and I repent nothing, but that the losse of my life had not ransom'd his.

*Car.* Say Fellow, know'st thou any yet vnnam'd  
Of Counsell in this Incest ?

*Vas.* Yes, an old woeman, sometimes *Guardian* to this murdered Lady.

*Car.* And what's become of her ?

*Vas.* Within this Roome shee is, whose eyes after her confession I caus'd to be put out, but kept aliue, to confirme what from *Gionanni's* owne mouth you haue heard : now *My Lord*, what I haue done, you may Iudge of, and let your owne wisdom bee a Iudge in your owne reason.

*Car.* Peace ; First this woeman chiefe in these effects,  
My sentence is, that forthwith shee be tane  
Out of the Citty, for examples sake,  
There to be burnt to ashes.

*Do.* 'Tis most iust.

*Car.* Be it your charge *Donado*, see it done.

*Do.* I shall.

*Vas.* What for mee ? if death, 'tis welcome, I haue beene honest to the Sonne, as I was to the Father.

*Car.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

*Car.* Fellow, for thee; since what thou did'st, was done  
Not for thy selfe, being no Italian,  
Wee banish thee for euer, to depart  
Within three dayes, in this wee doe dispense  
With grounds of reason not of thine offence.

*Vas.* 'Tis well; this Conquest is mine, and I reioyce that a  
*Spaniard* cut-went an *Italian* in reuenge. *Exit Vas.*

*Car.* Take vp these slaughtered bodies, see them buried,  
And all the Gold and Iewells, or whatsoeuer,  
Confiscate by the Canons of the Church,  
Wee ceaze vpon to the Popes proper use.

*Richar.* Your Graces pardon, thus long I liu'd disguis'd  
To see the effect of *Pride* and *Lust* at once  
Brought both to shamefull ends.

*Car.* What *Richardetto* whom wee thought for dead?

*Do.* Sir was it you——

*Richar.* Your friend.

*Car.* Wee shall haue time

To talke at large of all, but neuer yet  
*Incest* and *Murther* haue so strangely met.

*Of one* so young, so rich in *Natures* store,

Who could not say, *'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore?*

*Exeunt.*

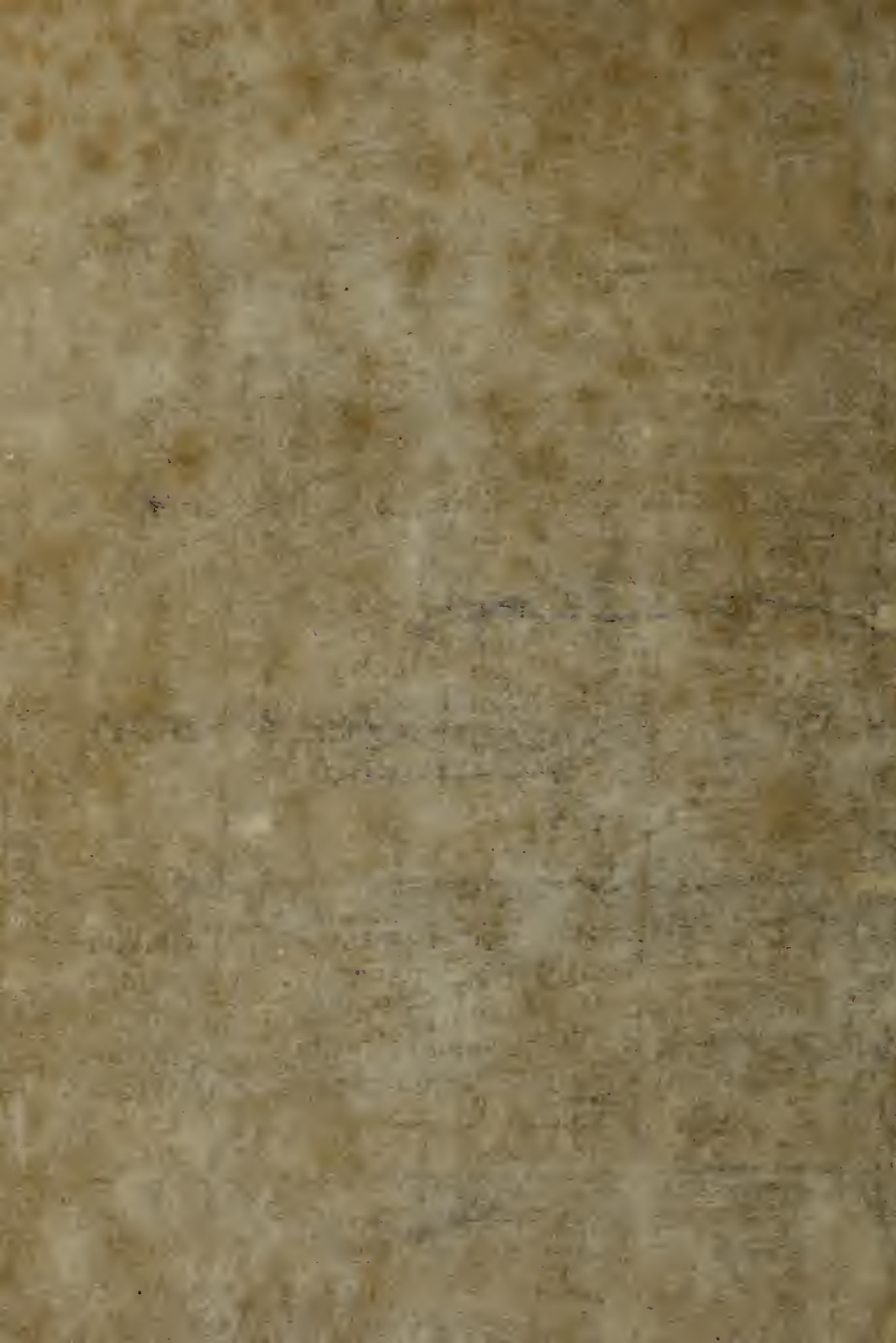
*FINIS.*

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The generall Commendation deserued by the Actors, in  
their Presentment of this Tragedy, may easily excuse such  
few faults, as are escaped in the Printing: A common  
charity may allow him the ability of spelling, whom a se-  
cure confidence assures that hee cannot ignorantly erre in  
the Application of Sence.

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